

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1861.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY F. C. HOLLIDAY, D. D.

FEW incidents recorded in the Bible possess more real sublimity, or are richer in their doctrinal teachings than the transfiguration.

Tradition points to Mount Tabor as the spot where this grand event transpired. Jesus has taken with him Peter, James, and John, and they have ascended a high mountain apart by themselves, and while on that mountain summit, away from the din and bustle of the city, and the intrusion of the multitude, and amid the stillness and solitude of the night, Jesus is transfigured before them.

The history does not distinctly say that the transfiguration took place in the night. Yet the following circumstances seem to indicate that such was the fact. Luke says, "And it came to pass that on the next day when they were come down from the hill, much people met him," etc., from which it appears at least probable that they had spent the whole of the night on the mountain. Matthew says, "A bright cloud overshadowed them." A bright cloud, or a cloud of light, would contrast strikingly with the darkness of the night and heighten the sublimity of the scene, while it would make but little impression in the sunlight. Luke informs us that during a portion of the time these scenes were transpiring, "Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep: and when they awoke, they saw his glory and the two men that stood with him." Taking these circumstances together, we conclude that the transfiguration took place during the night. But could it be possible that the disciples fell asleep after the transfiguration of Christ, and during his interview with Moses and Elias? We think not.

Wearied with the toils of the day, and after having spent a season in prayer, the disciples fall

asleep, but Jesus continues in prayer; and when the disciples awake it is to witness the glory of the transfiguration. The countenance of Jesus, so expressive of tenderness and pity, so full of benignity and grace, such an index to the love of his own everlasting Gospel, now glows like the sun in meridian splendor. That look of tenderness and pity has given place to the dazzling splendor and majesty of God. "His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." The man put on the God. Divinity lit up those meek and care-worn features with a splendor of which the sun in its strength was but a symbol. And lo Moses and Elias, one the great lawgiver and the other the great prophet of Israel, have descended from heaven and stand beside him, and they are talking with Jesus! Glorious personages these! Grand theme of converse which employs their tongues! For they "spoke of the decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem."

Christ was the end of the law and the substance of the prophets, and now that the law and the prophets were to be fulfilled in Christ, and in an important sense superseded by him, these illustrious personages, as the representatives of the legal and prophetic dispensations, come to pay their homage and yield up their authority to Jesus Christ. Henceforth the world is to hear him. A canopy of glory—a cloud of light encircles them, "and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." Not as of old did God manifest himself out of the thick darkness, but a cloud of light envelops the scene with such a splendor as mortal eyes may never again behold. "God is light."

"The sun itself is but his shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky."

No wonder that Peter exclaimed, "Lord, it is good for us to be here!" For while he might

have experienced for the moment some confusion of ideas from the overpowering glory of the scene, heaven was so near, and God was so wonderfully revealing himself, that the exclamation, "Lord, it is good for us to be here!" was but the utterance of the feelings of his heart.

The human mind delights in facts. And God has employed facts very largely in imparting instruction and information to man. The transfiguration furnishes indubitable proof of the divinity of Christ. It was important the disciples should have correct views of the nature of the person of Christ. By their daily intercourse with him they had the fullest proof of his humanity. He became weary and hungry, and was rested and refreshed as other men. His heart was the home of the purest human sympathies and the truest human friendships. He was a real man. It was equally important that they should recognize his *divinity*; that they should not only recognize divinity in his doctrine and works, but in his person. Their faith would need anchorage in the *divinity of his nature*.

Peter understood the transfiguration as furnishing the clearest proof of this doctrine, and consequently as furnishing a sufficient justification for the sacrifices which they made in being the disciples of Christ; for we hear him declaring in one of his epistles, "We have not followed cunningly-devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount."

The transfiguration reveals the certainty of the future life. Moses had been dead many centuries, and Elias had been translated to heaven without dying, and yet they are seen to be alive, and are heard to converse with Jesus. If Moses and Elias are yet alive, then is there for man another life. The transfiguration illustrates the *mode* as well as the *certainty* of a future life.

Moses and Elias are called men. These two men appeared in glory. It was a sample of heaven brought down to earth for the disciples to look upon. It was a manifestation of glorified humanity. Elijah had been translated to heaven without dying; and in his case it was not the appearance of a disembodied spirit, but of perfect humanity—a human body and a human soul glorified. Moses had died and was buried. Was his body raised for that special occasion? There is no proof of that. Might not his disembodied spirit appear to the eyes of the disciples

as glorified humanity will appear after the general resurrection? Be this as it may, they were both denominated *men*, and they *appeared in glory*. There is for humanity a future life, and a "glory which shall be revealed in us." The body as well as the soul is to have a future life, for Elias as well as Moses was there.

There was mutual recognition. The parties were known to each other. Then will there be mutual recognition in heaven. How did the disciples recognize Moses and Elias, and distinguish one from the other? Were their intellects so strengthened by their association with this heavenly vision that they were able by a sort of intuition to recognize them? Or did they gather from the conversation which passed in their hearing who these distinguished personages were? The fact is revealed that they did recognize them. One was Moses, one was Elias, and one was Jesus. If Peter, James, and John recognized Moses and Elias, whom they had never seen before, surely we shall recognize the friends we have known and loved on earth when we meet in glory. There shall be blissful reunions and mutual recognition in glory.

"I count the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair of transitory hue;
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew,
And loved, and walked with in communion kind,
Departed hence again in heaven to find.
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true;
And such we deem the Holy Word to view
Unfolds; an antidote for grief designed,
One drop from Comfort's well."

And how refreshing that drop from Comfort's well; for who has not loved ones in that land of glory—

"Not lost, but gone before?"

Moses and Elias talked with Jesus. There shall be intelligible converse in heaven—a mutual interchange of thought and feeling among the dwellers in the city of God.

The experiences of earth and time—the trials and the triumphs of our probation will be recounted in heaven. And yet Christ will be the center of attraction and the source of our highest joy. We shall be with Christ and shall behold his glory. What profound lessons of instruction did the disciples learn during that one night with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration! Their faith in his divinity is fully confirmed. By the visit of Moses and Elias, in connection with the voice from heaven, the authority of Jesus Christ as supreme legislator in his Church is settled. Both the fact and the mode of the future life are unfolded to their minds in a very full and satisfactory manner. Well might Peter exclaim, "It is good to be here."

THEODORE: MY BLIND BOY.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

THROUGH the long, pleasant Summer-days—through the long, weary Winter-nights, I worked on with a heart that kept itself at watch and prayer; worked with my slow, creeping needle and thread, that had to toil along so many weary seams, and through such endless rows of stitches for every dollar which I added to the small pile, on which was staked the one great hope, and purpose, and prayer of my life. And Theodore, my beautiful boy, my *blind* boy Theodore sat by me, with his sweet talk filling all the hours and helping me keep up the brave, cheerful tones that sometimes startled me; they came from a heart so full of darkness, and aching, and tears.

But my boy could n't see into his mother's heart, thank God! he could only hear her voice, and that carried cheer and warmth to him, and so he sat in the sunshine and smiled, never tiring of asking me questions, and hearing me answer them, and so the little pile of dollars grew one by one—one by one!

There was one thing that was hardest of all to bear, and that was, the sight of the children, when they frolicked past our house every afternoon on their return from school. The sight of their happy faces, the sound of their loud, glad voices pierced me through and through, and I would turn from them and look at *my* pale, still boy, sitting in the sunshine, and wonder how God could so smite us—how He could give to the other children strong, brave fathers to shelter them in happy homes, and care for their slightest wants, while He had given to my blind boy only his frail mother—his frail mother with her needle!

One afternoon, when the children flocked by louder and merrier than usual, all these thoughts swept so bitterly over me, that my heart broke down under them—a low, quick groan which I could not quite stifle, tore itself up to my lips, and then the stitches all ran into one, and the work fell from my hands. Light as it was, my boy's quick ears caught the groan, and he came from the door, where he was sitting in the soft, Autumn sunlight, his pale face full of trouble and fear.

"What is the matter, mother?" he asked; and though I tried to turn my face away, he was too quick for me, and his hand swept over it, and he felt the great scalding tears on my cheeks. He understood in a moment. "It's because I'm blind, mother, and the other children can see."

I could not answer him. I gathered him right up to my heart and hugged him there, while the storm of sobs and tears would have its way.

Theodore did not cry, but his face was full of doubt and anguish.

"Do n't you think I shall see as well as they, some day?" he whispered, when I grew calmer.

"Mother hopes so, my precious darling. She don't give way like this very often, but her heart was weak once. We'll keep up bravely, and one of these days I shall have the other twenty dollars earned, and then we will go to the city and see the wonderful oculist there, who has restored the eyesight of so many who have been blind a great while longer than you, Theodore."

"It seems so long, so very long, mamma, since I saw the sunshine, or the small stars, or looked at you, mother," and he shook his head sorrowfully.

"It seems to me, too, a very, very long two years, darling; but you've been so brave, and patient, through it all, and such a comfort to your mother, that it has n't been half so hard; and you won't give way now?"

"I'll try not to," and a little smile flickered over his lips, sweet and sorrowful.

And then I read to him, for I would steal time out of every day to do this, and to walk out with him in the green fields, for I knew that the hardest burden which this blindness brought to my boy was, that it shut him off from his books—his books, which were his great and constant delight, which opened a new world to him, from whose green branches he gathered sweet blossoms and golden fruits.

Theodore was only twelve when the blindness came on him. He had a long, terrible fever, in which life battled for two weeks with death, and when God heard my prayers and the cold shadow passed away from our threshold, the fever had fallen into his eyes, and Theodore was blind. I could n't believe it for a long time; every morning I expected that he would tell me he caught a glimpse of the sunshine, as its bright tides flowed through the east window, by which he slept; but the days and the weeks wore on, and the old steadiness returned to his pulse, and the soft roundness to the pale cheeks, but the darkness did not fall away from him.

Ten years before his father had left me; he had gone to South America, as there was an opening there for him to enter on some new business which promised to bring him a fortune; but, alas! the yellow fever clutched him a month before he was to sail home, and—they made his grave in the land of the stranger, and greedy and dishonest men possessed themselves of the small fortune he had acquired. So our little cottage,

where my husband brought me, a loving and happy bride, and which had been to me a little earthly paradise, was all that remained to me and to my boy, Theodore! And I loved him better, because his face was like that face which I should see no more till the morning of the resurrection; that face that had been suddenly struck down in its manly strength and beauty and laid under the long, wild grass, amid which my hands could never plant the sweet Spring violets or scatter every June with roses from the bush he had set by the bedroom window on *our* boy's first birthday!

Theodore had always been a fragile child, and his singular beauty had attracted the observation of strangers, from his infancy, and his blindness in no wise disfigured his face. The deep, gentian eyes, shaded by long lashes, had no blank, vacant expression to testify of their quenched light; and above them waved thick rings of chestnut hair. The face was delicate and very fair, and its smiles were bright as the winking of the Spring blossoms in the young meadow-grass.

Theodore had been a somewhat grave, yet a very happy boy; and though he was restless and nervous after the blindness came upon him, he bore it with sweet fortitude.

And for me—well, I stitched on, upheld by *one* hope during the long two years, which tasked every energy to earn seventy-five dollars, and then when the burden seemed too heavy and my heart fainted under it, I had the *One Heart*, to whom I carried it, who "bore all our sorrows," and sounded for us the mightiest depths of human anguish—the one dear *Name* of which no trials can rob us, which only grows more precious as all others fail, our hope in life, our trust in death, our joy and glory through eternity, Jesus Christ.

Two full years had rounded themselves through their Summers and Winters, when I laid the last dollar to the little sum I had been hoarding so long, and two days later Theodore and I started for the city, fifty miles away, in which Dr. Palmer, the celebrated oculist, resided.

It was in the early Spring, and the purple violets and white anemones sprinkled the grass, and the young birds were jubilant with songs, and the air was fragrant with the breath of the Spring blossoms. But, God have pity upon that mother who shall ever carry a heart so tossed with hope and fear, as was mine when I walked with my blind boy's hand clinched tightly in mine, up the marble steps of the stately yellow brick dwelling, in which dwelt the man on whose verdict was to lie the bitterness of death or such promise and joy that it seemed to me my heart could not bear them.

I had concealed my fears respecting the result

as much as possible from Theodore, but he penetrated the real facts, notwithstanding my disguises, and grew flushed and agitated during the journey.

We waited a long, long time; it seemed interminable to me, for there were other patients with the Doctor, but at last he entered the room where we sat.

He was a tall, slender man, with a thin, serious face, and his hair had a thick sprinkling of gray.

I felt his first glance searched us both, and then he came forward and laid his hand quickly on Theodore's head, and said in a pleasant, brisk sort of voice, "This is my patient, I perceive." And then the words leaped right out of my heart, and I could not hold them back. "Yes, he is my boy, and he is all I've got in the world. O, Doctor, I've brought him to you. Can't you make him see?"

"I hope so; we'll try very hard for it," answered Doctor Palmer; and this time his voice was so kind and sympathetic, that I could have fallen right down on my knees and blessed him for the good it did me.

And then he went on, asking Theodore a few questions about his age, and his general health, and inquiring of me the circumstances and causes of his blindness, keeping his searching eyes on the boy's face all the time. At last he said,

"I must give his eyes a careful examination, before I can pronounce any decision. I will carry him into the next room, and it will not occupy more than ten minutes. You will try and be calm meanwhile, my dear madam."

It was very kind in him to say so; but those ten minutes of suspense—O, there is no year of my life that opens its doors in the past, and walks out with its joys and sorrows before my memory, which does not seem shorter to me than the time which I passed, walking up and down Dr. Palmer's chamber, and praying God to have pity upon me. At last the door opened, and the Doctor came in, and there was a pleasant smile about his lips.

"Mrs. Goodrich," he said, "I am much gratified to tell you, that I find a fair prospect of your boy's restoration to sight. Nay, that I consider it almost certain. It will require some care on my part, some patience on his, and much watchfulness on yours, but I have little fear as to the result in a short time." I sprang forward with a low cry of exceeding joy. What I said in the great sudden gladness of that hour, has entirely escaped me, saving the conclusion. "I am a widow and he is an orphan boy, but God in heaven make better reward to you, Doctor Palmer, than lands or gold, for the words you have just spoken to me!"

The Doctor did not speak, but he opened the door and led me into the room, where Theodore sat by the window.

His face was lifted up into a great joy, and shone with a great light. "O, mother," he cried out, "do you know that in a little while I shall see you again?"

And the words came up from my heart and knocked at my lips, but I could not speak them, and so I did all that a mother could; I gathered up my boy to my heart—my heart that was almost breaking under the great ocean of joy that had suddenly overflowed it.

At that moment a little girl came out of an alcove by the window in the farthest part of the room and stood before us. I see now the sweet, wistful face full of solicitude and sympathy, with its large, hazel eyes, its lips like the ripe currants that hang along the garden-fences in July, and its straying curls full of golden lights and brown shadows.

"Why, Ada, where did you come from?" asked Doctor Palmer.

"I've been sitting over there, papa," dipping her bright head in the direction of the alcove, "and I've heard all you've said to the boy. O, papa, you will make him see, won't you?"

"I hope to, my daughter, with God's blessing."

And in a little while it was all arranged. The Doctor was to operate on Theodore's eyes in three days, and within the following week he thought he could permit me to see my boy, for it would be necessary that Theodore should remain at his house for several days in perfect darkness and quiet after he had undergone the operation.

"Will it be very painful, Doctor?"

"Somewhat so, but brief; and I know this boy of yours has a brave heart, and will go through it courageously."

And Theodore's face confirmed the Doctor's words.

We were entire strangers in the city, but the Doctor found us a quiet boarding-place, and the three days which followed went over me like a song, and those long, slow, weary months when I sat stitching by the window, and envying the happy mothers whose children could see the blue sky and the earth asleep in the sunlight, seemed to me like a dream that is gone in the morning when one awaketh.

As for Theodore, he was calmer than I, but full of courage and hope; and we passed these days talking of all the blessed things he would see and do when his eyesight was once more restored to him.

And all Theodore's conversation ended with the same hope and purpose: "I shall get back to

my books again, and, O mother! how I *shall* study then!"

The third day Theodore went from me, and five days later Doctor Palmer's summons came to me.

Theodore sat in a large arm-chair, in a darkened room, with a bandage over his eyes, and near him stood the little girl with the brown and golden hair, who had slipped in every day to bring him her cheer and sympathy. The Doctor removed carefully the bandage from the boy's eyes, and I watched him with a heart which seemed to stand still as I gazed.

"Now look up, Theodore, and tell me if you can see your mother."

He looked up very eagerly, then the glad, full answer came in a moment: "Yes, mother, I can see your face; not very plain, but well enough to know it any where!"

What I did—what *they* did, I don't know, but I'm certain that no eyes in that room were without tears for a time, and that it was not long before Ada Palmer, in her great joy, threw her arms about Theodore's neck, and cried, "I'm so glad, so very glad that you are not blind any more!"

"Every thing promises nicely," said the cheerful voice of the Doctor, as he bandaged the eyes—the no longer *blind* eyes of my boy, Theodore Goodrich.

The following week I returned home. It was arranged that Theodore should remain with the Doctor three months, at the end of which time the latter believed his eyesight might be fully restored.

What a happy heart I carried to that lonely home—a heart that kept tune with the Spring as she walked full of grace and beauty into the arms of the Summer!

In two months I received Theodore's first letter. What glad tears blistered the few precious lines, God knows! Four weeks later he came to me *with eyesight entirely restored*.

And a little later, when the first great shock of joy had subsided, he placed in my hands a note from the Doctor, inclosing the seventy-five dollars, which had "cost two years of my life." God remember it when the great seals are broken and the books are opened!

Eight years had gone, and in the heart of a great city, among a mighty crowd, which filled the vast church to overflowing, I looked once more upon my boy.

Thousands of other eyes were fastened upon him, for he was the valedictorian of his class. Through much of struggle and many privations, he had made his way through college, and achieved the great hope of his youth.

When he ceased speaking women, whose beauty had blossomed in every climate, rained from the galleries their fragrant bouquets upon him, and noble men beneath honored him with enthusiastic plaudits; but not far apart from me sat, in the blossoming of her years, a maiden who brought no offering of flowers to the speaker.

Very fair she looked even amid all the grace and the beauty which shone around her, as she sat with the light and the shadow in her hair, and her hazel eyes full of tender triumph, and her lips parted with a smile of tremulous gladness—a smile which suddenly faded into seriousness as the speaker came toward her, while she bowed her head quickly under a still shower of tears. I knew where the thoughts of Ada Palmer, the betrothed wife of Theodore Goodrich, had gone, and I knew, as he stood by her side and looked down on her with a face which had rounded out from its boyish beauty into manly strength and seriousness, that my boy's thoughts had clasped Ada's, and gone back through its long, long path of eight years to the day when the first gleam of his mother's face broke on his darkened eyes.

And for me—my thoughts went beyond theirs to those two years of slow toil and patience, and weary heartache, when I sat by the window in my little cottage home feeding my heart with one hope through the dreary nights and days, and then my thoughts went up to God with great thanksgiving for all the joy of these latter days, and because that he whose young manhood was so full of promise, who had dedicated his life to the glory of God and the help of his fellow-man, and whose work thus far had been crowned with that *best* success which is the only *true* one, was he who had once been "*Theodore, my blind boy!*"

THE USEFUL CHILD.

BY SHEELAH.

LLOULIE was very fond of reading, and no one could be happier than she now was, as, coiled up on the sofa in her papa's study, one Saturday morning, she pored over a pretty book which had been given her the previous day. She had just reached a most interesting part of the story when Georgie was heard crying on the stairs, and "papa" looked up from his writing with an exclamation of inquiry. Loulie did not wait even to finish the paragraph she was reading, but, hastily placing a mark, laid down her book, and ran lightly from the room.

"What is the matter, Georgie?" she asked, as she approached her little brother, and put her arm around him.

"I don't know," was the sobbing reply; "I want something to play with."

It was one of those gloomy, wet days, when every thing looks dull, indoors and out, and the little boy was weary and dispirited.

"Never mind, Georgie, I'll play with you," said his sister, cheerfully, as she led him toward the nursery.

"I was wishing for you, Loulie," said the nurse, as the children entered the room; "Georgie is so cross, he has been quarreling with Jennie so that the baby could n't sleep, and your mamma has got a bad headache."

"Poor mamma!" said Loulie. "Well, Ellen, Georgie will be good now; I'll stay and play with him. Let me see; what shall we do, Georgie? shall we make a kite?"

"No! I can't fly a kite in the rain."

"True! but we can be making it, and have it ready to fly when the rain is over."

"So we can," said the little boy, beginning to brighten up.

"And me, too!" said Jennie, throwing down her doll and running toward them.

"No, now, Jennie, you can't help us," said Georgie.

"Well, but she can look on," answered Loulie, "and that will amuse her just as well. And now we must speak very easy, for Ellen wants baby to sleep."

Then Loulie went very softly to the closet, and got a piece of drugget that was kept for such purposes, spread it in a part of the room farthest from the baby's cot, and seating her little brother and sister on opposite sides of it, told them that they must keep very still, and think what shape the kite must be while she got the things to make it. She then quietly left the room, went to a drawer in the pantry where waste paper was kept and broken pieces of twine, and took enough of each for her purpose. Then she ran to the kitchen, and asked Kitty to make her a little paste, and send it to the nursery, whither she hastened back just in time to prevent Georgie from getting restless again. To Ellen she now applied for some scraps of whalebone or reed; and having got her little scissors and paint-box, she was soon seated on the drugget, earnestly engaged in kite-making.

Loulie had learned to make kites by assisting her elder brother, Henry; and now, though the rain poured down as fast as ever, and the day was still dark and dreary, the baby sweetly slept, "mamma" rested her aching head, and "papa" continued his writing undisturbed, for Georgie was quiet and happy, helping to make a new kite. And a very pretty kite it was when finished, with its painted face, and fringed knobs in

its tail and wings; and after the rain had ceased, and Georgie in his India rubber shoes ran about the lawn, delighted with the new toy soaring above his head, Loulie was not sorry that she had laid down the book in which she was so much interested when her little brother was crying on the stairs.

Loulie was not naturally an industrious little girl. Inert in temperament, and with a passion for reading, did she follow her inclinations, she would sit still all the time with a book in her hand; but she had early learned that there were duties she owed to others, next in importance to her duty to God, and the practice of self-denial was necessary to the fulfilment of her social obligations.

Loulie was now but nine years old, and well might she have shielded herself, under the plea of childish inability, from active usefulness, and devoted all her time to selfish gratification; but the desire to do right was the governing principle of the little girl's life, and by it she was stimulated to action till her natural tendency was overcome, and to perform a good work, whenever occasion offered, became a habit as well as a pleasure.

Loulie's mamma was often sick, and it was the wish to serve this dear friend, in her seasons of pain and weakness, which first suggested to the kind-hearted child the few little offices which infant strength can perform; and so useful did the willing maiden soon become that, at the time of which we write, she was a most valuable member of the household.

Nor was her duty to herself neglected; her lessons were all faithfully studied for school. She knew that one way in which children can help those who have the charge of them, is to save them trouble; and in this respect she was praiseworthy; the lady whose school she attended never found her careless or indolent in her learning—both parents and teachers were pleased with the progress she made.

To her schoolmates she often had it in her power to afford aid. A lazy one she roused to exertion, a careless one she lured to attention, or a stupid one she assisted to understand; and many a lesson was well recited which, but for her, would have been a failure.

One day, as she sat beside an idle classmate, helping her to conquer a difficult conjugation, which she herself had only learned by fixing her whole mind upon it, another young lady approached and reminded her that, by leaving her companion in ignorance, she would be more sure of the prize.

"No!" said Loulie, looking gravely at the speaker, "I can not gain the prize I desire un-

less I do to others as I would they should do unto me."

This was the beautiful motto which actuated the little girl's life, and which made her a comfort to all who came within her reach. Sometimes the child's willingness to oblige was imposed on and taken advantage of by the selfish and exacting; but she knew the Scripture command, "Be not weary of well-doing," and even petty injustice did not turn her aside from her labor of love.

It was within the home-circle, however, that little Loulie's usefulness was most fully appreciated; there she filled a self-installed post to which no other of the household was competent. In "mamma's" sick-room and "papa's" study; in the nursery and even in the kitchen her light foot was welcome music, for all were sure to gain some benefit from her presence.

"Would you like me to read to you, mamma?" inquired the child, as she softly approached the lounge where her mother lay; "or is your head able to bear it?"

"Thank you, love, my head is much better, and I was just wishing to read some, only my eyes feel weak; but I am afraid my book would be dry reading for you, Loulie."

"O! no matter, mamma, if I can read so as you can understand, I shall be satisfied;" and, taking up the book which her mother had indicated, she seated herself, and commenced reading.

It was a theological work, quite beyond the child's comprehension, and some long, strange words she had a difficulty in pronouncing; but her low, sweet voice read steadily on, and, at the end of an hour, she evinced no sign of fatigue—no desire to give up the uninteresting employment. "Mamma," however, refused to tax her little daughter any farther; and, with a fond kiss, dismissed her to seek amusement in a book more suitable to her years. But, before doing so, Loulie thought she would run down the garden and get a fresh bouquet for "mamma's" table.

The gardener cut some of the sweetest-smelling flowers for her, and, while doing so, told her that his mother had burnt her hand that morning, and was suffering severely from the accident. On her way back, Loulie went round by the lodge to see the old woman, and found her moaning with pain, and murmuring at the inconvenience which the inability to use her hand was occasioning.

"Is there any thing I can do to help you, Mrs. Rogers?" inquired Loulie.

"Thank you, darling," was uttered with grateful surprise, "but what could your delicate, little hands do? Tom got the dinner ready and washed

the dishes, and when he comes home he may get ready the supper. I keep going about, doing what I can with one hand; but, O dear! there are so many things that I can't do!" and, with a sigh, her glance rested on a work-basket, upon top of the pile contained in which her spectacles were lying. It immediately struck Loulie that there might be something in that basket which her "little hands" *could* do, and, with the intention of returning, she arose to go.

"Well, Mrs. Rogers," she said, "I want to take these flowers to mamma; but, if you will allow me, I will come back and see if there is not something I can do for you."

She then hastened to the house. "Mamma" was much pleased with the pretty flowers; but was quite sorry to hear of the accident which had happened to Mrs. Rogers. The widow was a very industrious woman, to whom the inability to work would be a great trial; so "mamma" hoped her burnt hand would soon heal. She gave her free consent that Loulie would do what she could to help the poor woman; and the little girl, kissing the pure lips of her gentle mother, hastened forth and, thimble in hand, again entered the garden lodge.

The contents of the work-basket were now examined, and Loulie soon found a few jobs which she knew she could execute. Her little fingers were now busy, and, to the astonishment of the widow, a border was neatly quilled to her cap, a tear darned in her neckerchief, and a lost button replaced on Tom's Sunday shirt. The good woman was greatly pleased.

"Only to think!" she exclaimed, "the very jobs that I never could do with one hand, and that Tom's clumsy fingers dar'n't attempt!"

"Now," thought Loulie, as she took leave of Mrs. Rogers, "I'll finish reading my new book;" and, hastening home, she entered the study, where she usually sat to read.

"I'm glad to see you, my dear," said "papa," as she appeared; "here Bridget has been sweeping and cleaning, and every thing is out of place."

"I'll put the room to rights, papa," was the ready answer, and the little hands were again busy.

Every thing was neatly arranged—books and papers in their own places, where "papa" could lay his hand on them at any moment; and the study looked like itself again, when the tea-bell rung. The remainder of the evening was spent in the family circle; and the week closed while the reading of Loulie's new book was not yet finished.

Do what is in thy power, and God will be with thy good-will.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

LAFAYETTE IN PRISON.

BY A. D. FIELD.

LAFAYETTE in our need came to our help in the days of the Revolution, and bore a prominent part through all its stirring scenes. He fought till the last stroke was struck, and then went home to lend a guiding hand to the enterprises of reformers in his own flowery France. For a year or two, in the days of moderation, he bore a part in the French Revolution, and was a leading spirit till the rabid Jacobins bore sway, driving all noble patriots into subordinate relations, or to the hungry guillotine. The Revolution commenced in 1789. Three years later, Lafayette was sent out to the eastern borders to repel the Austrians, who threatened to invade France. He commanded, for some time, a division in the border army. At length, the anarchists at Paris resolved to have his head, upon which they set a reward. His life was in jeopardy; he could no longer be of use to France, and it became his duty to save himself. Safety was only to be found in immediate flight. Spies, from the Directory, were dogging his steps, and he knew not what hour he might be delivered over to the tender mercies of the guillotine.

On the night of August 19th, 1792, he set out on his way to Holland, accompanied by a few warmly-attached friends. On arriving at Bouillon, he sent back his escort with orders for the army. In seeking Holland he must pass through Austrian territory. He hoped to pass the posts of the enemy undiscovered. He had not proceeded far, however, when he came upon an Austrian advanced guard. It was very dark, and their horses were too much jaded to proceed further. In this difficulty they resolved to obtain permission, if possible, to pass without disclosing their names. De Puzy being in advance, requested to speak with the commanding officer, at Rochefort. This officer wished to send them to the Duke of Bourbon, supposing them to be friends of the Bourbon dynasty. De Puzy informed him of his mistake, telling him that they were patriotic officers, who were seeking an asylum in a country not at war with France. The company were conducted to an inn, where Lafayette was immediately recognized. The commandant then informed them that they must remain till daylight. A messenger was dispatched to headquarters to obtain permission for the company to proceed. The commandant was filled with joy at the luck that had befallen him, in getting such noble prisoners into his hands. They were soon conducted to Namur, where Prince Charles of Austria awaited an interview

with Lafayette. He supposed he would be ready to disclose all the secrets connected with French affairs. But he had invited the wrong man to consultation.

The prisoners were visited at Neville, by a major commissioned to receive the moneys which they supposed Lafayette had brought with him from the army. To the major's inquiries Lafayette made reply:

"All I understand of this strange commission is, that had the Duke of Saxe been in my place, he would have stolen the army's money-chest!"

The prisoners were handed over to the care of Prussia. They were taken to Wesel and imprisoned apart, and kept in total ignorance of each other's fate. Lafayette was requested to draw up plans for a campaign against France, on which conditions his situation would be made easier. But he scorned to engage in such an act. His refusal caused his sufferings to be increased, and he and his companions were shortly removed to the dungeons of Magdeburg. Here they were shut out from the world. Their families were suffering in France; but they could obtain no intelligence from them. Dark dungeons were their dismal homes, where scarce the music of outdoor tempests could be heard. No ray of light; no ray of hope!

They were detained a year at Magdeburg. From thence they were transferred to Glatz; from Glatz to Neisse, where their dungeons were still more dismal and unhealthy. The Prussians became unwilling to bear the reproach of their imprisonment longer, and accordingly handed them over to the "tender mercies" of Austria. They were now transferred to the citadel of Olmutz. Here Lafayette was shut out from the world and so secretly guarded, the world did not know what had become of him. His own name was unknown in the citadel. He was known only as No. 15. Immured within walls twelve feet thick, with only a small aperture in the wall, he was left to himself and his despair. Without his dungeon was a wide ditch, from which came miasmas through the grating. The only air he could obtain came in scented with the putridity of this loathsome pool. His furniture was a bed of rotten straw filled with vermin, a broken chair, and an old worm-eaten table. The hole in the wall was even with the ground, and whenever it rained the sloppy water came drizzling down the wall. Three times physicians attested that fresh air was necessary to keep him alive, and he was thus permitted, at stated times, to walk abroad in the fortress. His frame sunk under the sufferings, and lean and emaciated he tottered forth now and then to breathe the fresh air.

While he thus suffered at Olmutz, his estates

in France were confiscated, and his wife was cast into prison. Fayetteism—adherence to the French Constitution of 1789—was punished with death.

In 1793 Dr. Erick Bollman presented a memorial to the King of Prussia, asking the liberation of Lafayette; but his effort was fruitless. In June, 1794, by the persuasion of Lafayette's friends, Bollman set out for Germany to seek to unravel the mysterious fate of the prisoners. If he succeeded in finding him alive, he expected to make efforts for his deliverance. He traversed Germany as a learned person in search of knowledge. He selected Jarnowitz as a place of retreat. From Jarnowitz he proceeded to Olmutz. The utmost secrecy was necessary, for the strictest rigor prevailed in the citadel. Bollman learned that several state prisoners were kept in a more cautious and mysterious way than usual, and he suspected that the friend he sought must be one of them. He acted upon this supposition, and visiting the hospital, sought an acquaintance with the surgeon. With this man he held several interviews, discoursing upon various topics connected with the medical profession. Upon one of these occasions the conversation turned upon the effect of moral impressions upon the constitution; whereupon, Dr. Bollman drew a pamphlet from his pocket, observing, "Since we are upon this subject, you attend the State prisoners here; Lafayette is among them; his health is much impaired; show him this pamphlet. Tell him a traveler left it with you, who lately saw in London all the persons named it, his particular friends; tell him they are all well and continue attached to him as much as ever. This intelligence will do him more good than all your drugs."

Bollman laid the pamphlet on the table, and turned the conversation. The surgeon was at a loss for a reply. The two soon parted. Bollman knew by the appearance of the surgeon, that Lafayette was there, and if he received the pamphlet he would be on the alert for any action.

A few days after, the surgeon, of his own accord, observed that Lafayette wished to learn further particulars concerning one or two of his friends, mentioned in the pamphlet. Dr. Bollman took a piece of white paper from his pocket, which seemed to be there as merely waste paper. On this the Doctor wrote a few lines, in French, in reply to the inquiries of Lafayette. The lines closed with this sentence: "I am glad of the opportunity of addressing you these few words, which, when read with your usual *warmth*, will afford to a heart like yours some consolation." The paper had been prepared beforehand. It was written over with sympathetic ink, which the heat of the candle brought to legibility. It in-

formed the prisoner of Bollman's readiness to serve him. To avoid being suspected, the Doctor left for Vienna, leaving Lafayette to adopt some scheme of escape. Bollman prepared a variety of articles that Lafayette might find use for and sauntered back to Olmutz, still keeping up the appearance of a learned traveler. On his return he visited the surgeon, who returned the pamphlet from Lafayette. The Doctor perceived that the margin was written over with sympathetic ink, and applied heat to it. He learned that the prisoners had obtained leave to ride out in a carriage, at stated days, with a military guard. Lafayette recommended an attempt at rescue on one of these rides. It was a daring undertaking, but the heart of Bollman was equal to the task. But he wanted help. To obtain this he went again to Vienna. He found there Francis K. Huger, a man who, years before, had been dandled on the knee of Lafayette, in the United States. He was ready now to enter any undertaking for his escape. He was a young man of talent and of enthusiastic courage, and in him Bollman found a warm-hearted and zealous coadjutor. They agreed on a plan and announced their intention of returning to England together. They set out in a carriage, accompanied by a groom and two saddle-horses. They arrived at Olmutz to undertake a noble but a desperate project. Neither of them knew Lafayette. To recognize him, a signal had been fixed upon. Bollman visited the surgeon and found all things as he had left them.

On the 8th of November, 1794, the groom was dispatched early in the morning to Hoff, a town twenty-five miles distant, with orders to have fresh horses in readiness, at four o'clock. Huger had business at the town-gate, where he went to wait the going out of Lafayette. When he saw the carriage, he hastened to the inn. Bollman and himself followed at some distance, armed with pistols not loaded with ball. Lafayette rode in an open carriage, with an officer by his side, a driver in the box, and two armed soldiers behind. The two friends rode by the carriage and then went on so slowly that the carriage passed them, upon which they gave the signal. When two or three miles from the gate the carriage left the high road and taking a by-way, passed out into the open country. The fields were covered with people at their labor. Shortly the carriage halted. The officer and Lafayette alighted and set off on a brisk walk, as if for exercise. The carriage drove on slowly, keeping in sight. The two travelers galloped up. Bollman gave his horse to Huger just as Lafayette seized the officer's sword. The sword was but half drawn out, as the officer had laid hold of it. The Doctor disarmed the

officer, who at once laid hold of Lafayette and set up a loud roaring. The guard flew to the citadel. The people in the fields looked on in wonder. The company engaged in a general scuffle. Huger passed his arm through both bridles, and with the other stuffed a handkerchief in the officer's mouth. All but Huger came to the ground. One of the horses took to flight and but one was left for the three. Bollman held down the officer and handing a purse to Lafayette, who had become disentangled, bade him fly. Huger exclaimed, "Go to Hoff!" Lafayette mistook it for "Go off," and delayed a moment, striving to assist his two friends. Being urged, he was quickly out of sight. The officer fled toward Olmutz. Huger and Bollman both mounted the horse, which a countryman had caught for them, and fled after Lafayette. The horse refusing to carry the two, Bollman fled alone. Huger was seized by the laborers and taken to Olmutz. Bollman rode on to Hoff, but not finding Lafayette, waited around the frontiers till the next night, when he was arrested.

Lafayette went on unpursued, but had in his hurry missed his way and taken the road to Jagersdoff, on the Prussian frontiers. He rode till his horse gave out. He fell in with a countryman, whom he dispatched to a village near by for a fresh horse. The man had suspected him as being a fugitive, and instead of a horse he brought a force, who arrested Lafayette and carried him to the village. There he was kept for three days before his name was known. Then an officer from Olmutz recognized him, and again, all these ardent hopes crushed out, he was immured in his living grave.

And thus this daring scheme proved only a source of new troubles. All the hopes excited, all the fond anticipations were blasted and gloomed by a dungeon's darkness.

Bollman and Huger, who knew nothing of each other's fate, or that of their friend's, endured severe imprisonment for eight months, and were then released. But their fame had so flown before them that their passage through Germany was a kind of triumph. They were free, but there was a cloud—Lafayette still lingered in prison, and from henceforth there was no hope of delivery. Lafayette's imprisonment was, after this, severe. For three months he wore fetters, which were a torture. During the Winter of 1795 he came near to death by a lingering fever. He was allowed nothing but damp straw for a bed, and being fastened to the wall by a chain, he could do but little more than move from side to side. The anxieties of his mind were more keen, if possible, than bodily suffering. He was made to believe that he was kept for a public execution,

and that Bollman and Huger had perished on the scaffold. He knew not whether his family were dead or alive. When out of prison those few days he had heard appalling, and perhaps not overdrawn, accounts of the reign of terror in Paris. He had good reason to fear that his wife and his children had perished by the guillotine. These were tumultuous thoughts, and no wonder his frame wasted away.

Madame Lafayette was kept for a year and a half in the prisons of Paris, and then was set at liberty, and no sooner did she emerge from the prison than she resolved to go to her husband's relief. She sent her young son, George Washington, to the care of our President Washington, in America, and with American passports she set out with her two daughters for Vienna, passing under the family name of Mrs. Mortier. She obtained an audience with the Austrian Emperor, in September, 1795, and he gave the family liberty to join the husband and father, but refused to liberate him. The Emperor said that his "hands were tied." They hastened to Olmutz, but before joining Lafayette they were deprived of those things they had brought to make him comfortable. They entered the prison on condition if they entered they were to remain forever. They were at once subjected to those rigors with which criminals were treated. The three entered the dungeon and voluntarily shut themselves out from the world. This was a joy to Lafayette which he little expected, and soon there were the cheering influences of a home within the dreary walls of Olmutz.

The health of Madame Lafayette sunk under her privations, and she wrote to Vienna for permission to spend a week in that city, that she might obtain medical assistance. In two months the commandant appeared and informed Madame Lafayette that there was no objection to her leaving her husband, but if she persisted in going, she must never return. Liberty was of too little account to her to be purchased at such a price. She never after made an effort to leave her husband.

The Emperor's remark that "his hands were tied," referred to his engagements with allied powers. England was one of these; there efforts were made for his liberation. The matter was taken up in resolutions in the Parliament. These failed; but speeches upon them revealed the sufferings of Lafayette to the world. A spirit of disgust was raised against Austria. In the mean time Washington, and other persons in America, strove to effect his liberation. The Ministers of the United States at the Courts of Europe, were instructed to bring the matter before the several governments they were in connection with. But

America had not then her present strength. The child was just throwing off its swaddling-clothes and beginning to walk, and its voice was then feeble in the councils of nations.

After all the efforts of the friends of Lafayette, it was left to the "Man of Destiny" to set free the captives of Olmutz. Napoleon was now General, and out in his famous Italian campaigns. He had rushed like a conquering lion against his enemies, and at Campo Formio stood dictating a treaty with Austria. Napoleon insisted that Lafayette should immediately be set at liberty, and the Ministry of Austria were compelled to let go their prey.

On the 19th of September, 1797, Lafayette came forth from his prison. He had been five years a captive. From Olmutz he hastened with his family to the American Minister, at Hamburg. There numerous friends met him with an ovation. But it was stipulated that he was to leave Germany in ten days; this hastened his journey. He entered a little town in Holstein, where he dwelt in retired tranquillity for two years.

Meantime he looked out upon the doings of his beloved France with deep solicitude, watching the frenzy of its rulers with interest. The moderate and sensible revolution he set in motion, rolled on, alas! in its course till liberty itself was crushed out and the most bloodthirsty bore rule. But he was the same loyal citizen of France he had ever been. Nothing could sever his affections from her interests. But years passed before he found opportunity to join again in her doings. The mighty drama, with Napoleon as chief manager, moved on, leaving Lafayette behind the scenes. But when the clangor of arms had died away; when the great Napoleon had sunk beneath the crushing weight of his own grand military enterprises, Lafayette comes forth again and enters into history as the true patriot and the law-abiding citizen.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

BY SARAH E. CLARK.

My Savior, bid me welcome still,
And own me as thy child:
Help me to read thy holy will,
To hush the tumult wild,
That fierce within the bosom reigns,
Nor heeds the strength of human chains.

O! tune this spirit-heart aright,
That I may to thee bring
An echo from the world of light,
And grateful praises sing,
That the "one talent" thou hast given
May lead some erring child to heaven.

POCAHONTAS.

BY PROF. SAMUEL W. WILLIAMS.

THE first settlement of the English in America was made in the year 1607, at Jamestown, a few miles above the mouth of the James River, in Virginia. The place where the colony was established was well chosen. Safe and convenient harbors for their shipping were numerous, large rivers seemed to open vast tracts of the continent to their navigation, immense forests furnished timber for building, the soil was fertile and the climate salubrious. Their neighbors were the Indians, several tribes of whom were united under Powhatan, a powerful chief, full of devices and tact, a good ruler, and one who might be made a potent ally or a formidable enemy.

The leading character in the colony was Captain John Smith. He was a man of a daring and adventurous spirit, possessed of a sagacity that was never at fault, a thorough knowledge of human nature, and a restless energy which diffused itself among all the others. He had traveled in every continent, and had beheld the cities and learned the manners of many men. He had a vigorous constitution, and a mind that was never appalled at danger nor depressed by defeat. Though at first treated with indignity by his countrymen, and unjustly deprived of his seat in the council, his influence rose superior to their jealousy; and when troubles with the Indians began, all eyes looked to him as their leader. By his example as well as by his words of encouragement, the emigrants were induced to sow grain, to provide for themselves tight houses with well-thatched roofs, and to erect strongholds against the attacks of the savages. So careful was he of the comfort and safety of the rest, that while he underwent the greatest labor to furnish them with lodgings, he entirely neglected any for himself.

By skillful management with the Indians, gaining some by caresses and presents and forcing others to submit by the conduct of his arms, he obtained a large supply of corn and provisions; but he was not always equally fortunate. On one of his excursions into the interior, with only two attendants, Smith was surrounded by a numerous body of Indians, his companions were killed, and himself taken captive. After being led in triumph through several parts of the country, he was brought before Powhatan, who at that time had a village a short distance beyond the York River, near the Chesapeake. Upon consultation, the doom of death was pronounced against the prisoner, and Powhatan claimed the honor of executing it. A large stone was brought,

and the head of the captive, securely bound, was laid upon it. The arm of the Chieftain was uplifted to strike the fatal blow with his club, when his favorite daughter, a young maid named POCAHONTAS, rushed out, threw herself between her father and the victim, put her arms around the prisoner and placed her face against his, and by her entreaties and tears saved his life.

Pocahontas was then about thirteen years of age, tall, sprightly, agile, full of feminine tenderness and affection, and, for one of her race, exceedingly beautiful. After a few days' detention, Captain Smith was released and returned to Jamestown. But the friendly offices of the young princess were not intermitted. That she did more than history records to promote a good understanding and a friendly intercourse between the English and her own people, can not be doubted; but some additional instances of her devotion are gratefully mentioned by early settlers.

During a visit of Captain Smith at the quarters of Powhatan to purchase corn, the savage Chieftain meditated a surprise, intending to capture or slaughter all the English residents within his dominions. Pocahontas, at the risk of her life, resolved to give timely notice to the Captain, that he might effect an escape. Alone, in the darkness of the night, through the rough and dangerous woods, this dauntless maiden walked nine miles to inform the Captain of his peril; and with eyes filled with tears, she besought him to hasten his departure. Giving him the best advice she was able, she returned home. Acting upon her information, Smith was able to outwit the Indians; and after obtaining a supply of provisions for the Colony, finally reached Jamestown, having been absent about six weeks.

Pocahontas frequently visited the English settlements, where she was always received with respectful admiration. During the time of two or three years, she was the chief instrument, under God, of preserving the colony from death, famine, and utter confusion. Nor is this statement the embellishment of fiction; it is the testimony of Captain Smith himself. Her kindness to the English continued without abatement; and it is probable that she incurred her father's displeasure because of it. The Indians generally, I believe, treated the whites with hospitality so long as they considered them mere visitors; but whenever it was discovered that they came with the intention of making permanent settlements, a sort of vague apprehension of what would be the final result to themselves and posterity almost always converted their friendly feeling into a permanent and irreconcilable hostility. Such seems to have been the case with Powhatan; but Pocahontas was of a far different spirit.

In order to effect peace with the Indians, one of the English leaders, in the year 1613, determined to seize Pocahontas, and hold her as a hostage and security for the good behavior of Powhatan. By stratagem, Captain Argall obtained possession of her person, while she was on a visit among the Potomacs, a tribe on friendly terms with the English. The Indian sachem and his wife, with whom Pocahontas staid, treacherously delivered her up on condition of her receiving kind treatment; and when the young princess found herself betrayed, she wept bitterly. Argall told her that she must go with him to the Colony, and compound a peace between her father and the English. Finding herself well treated, she recovered her composure, and even seemed cheerful at the prospect of accomplishing good.

After various negotiations for peace, two messengers were sent to Powhatan early in the Spring of 1614; but they were unable to come to any terms. Hostilities, however, by mutual consent or mutual fear, ceased. One of these messengers was JOHN ROLFE, between whom and Pocahontas an ardent attachment sprang up. During the period of her captivity, two of her brothers visited her, and were delighted to find her in good health and spirits. To one of them she confided the secret of her love; and Rolfe gaining information of her sentiments toward him, was thus emboldened to ask for her hand. The idea of this connection pleased Powhatan so much, that, within ten days after Rolfe's visit, he sent his brother and two of his sons to witness and confirm the marriage on his behalf.

The Indian princess had, during her captivity, been instructed by her lover in the English language and the Christian religion; and in the little chapel where she was married, she had not long before been baptized into the Christian faith, receiving the name Rebecca. Early in April the wedding took place. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion with garlands of evergreen interspersed with white flowers. The bride was arrayed in a simple tunic of white muslin, leaving her arms naked; over her shoulders was loosely thrown an elegant robe, presented by Sir Thomas Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maids. A rich fillet bound her hair, and from her head drooped a veil of gauze and the plumage of birds. Her arms were encircled with simple bracelets and her feet covered with slippers of her own handiwork. Rolfe was attired as an English cavalier, and upon his thigh he wore the short-sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification of manly grace and courage as she was of womanly modesty and delicacy. There were present on the occasion the bride's

two brothers and uncle, with their native attendants; and nearly all the settlers of the colony, including the governor and other officers. The marriage service of the English liturgy was conducted by the Reverend Alexander Whitaker; and when the nuptial benediction was pronounced, the whole company left the chapel for the festal hall of the Governor. The result of this union was the renewal of the most friendly relations between the two nations, which continued as long as Powhatan lived.

Two years subsequently, John Rolfe and his princess accompanied Sir Thomas Dale to England. King James, it is said, was offended because one of his subjects had presumed, without his consent, to marry the daughter of an Emperor, as Powhatan was called; but the affair passed off with some little murmuring, and Pocahontas herself was received at Court by both the King and Queen with the most flattering marks of attention. In London she was visited by Captain Smith, who for some reason she had been taught to believe was dead. When she first beheld him, she was overcome with emotion, and turned aside to weep. Too much discomposed for conversation, she was left for two or three hours to her own meditations; at the end of which time she was prevailed upon to converse. She soon recovered her self-possession, and the politeness and attention of her visitant, and the geniality of her own disposition soon restored her usual vivacity. There is something touching in this interview between the gallant Captain and his Indian admirer. She had perhaps learned to love him; and was indignant at the deceit practiced upon her. His presence, too, recalled old memories. She was among strangers, far from her kindred and her home, and amid associations widely different from any known in her own land. Such feelings oppressed her, and we can not wonder that she burst into tears and remained silent when she saw Smith.

When, in the course of the conversation, Pocahontas called Smith her *father*, he expressed himself unworthy of this distinction; but she insisted, saying, "You called Powhatan father, when you were in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so must I do you. Fear you I should here call you father? I tell you, then, I *will*, and you must call me child; and then I will be forever and ever your countrywoman." She assured Smith that she had been made to believe he was dead, and that her father himself shared in the delusion.

Pocahontas remained in England about a year. When preparing to embark with her husband for Virginia, in 1617, at Gravesend, she was taken suddenly sick, and in a short time died. This

event took place in the month of June, when she was about twenty-two years old. She died, as she had long lived, a sincere and pious Christian. Her death, says one of her historians, was a happy mixture of Indian fortitude and Christian submission, affecting all those who saw her by the lively and edifying picture of piety and virtue which marked her latter moments.

The same writer, in his general observations upon the character of Pocahontas, has justly remarked, that, considering all concurrent circumstances, it is not surpassed by any in the whole range of history; and that for those qualities more especially which do honor to our nature—a humane and feeling heart, an ardor and unshaken constancy in her attachments—she stands almost without a rival. She gave evidence, indeed, of possessing in a high degree every attribute of mind and heart, which should be and has been the ornament and pride of civilized woman in all countries and times. Her unwearied kindness to the English was entirely disinterested; she knew that it must be so when she encountered danger and weariness, and every kind of opposition and difficulty, to bestow it, seasonably, on the objects of her noble benevolence. It was delicate, too, in the mode of bestowment. No favor was expected in return for it, and yet no sense of obligation was permitted to mar the pleasure which it gave. She asked nothing of Smith in recompense for whatever she had done, but the boon of being looked upon as his child. Of her character as a princess, evidence enough has already been furnished. Her dignity, her energy, her independence, and the dauntless courage which never deserted her for a moment, were worthy of Powhatan's daughter.

Pocahontas at her death left but one child, a son, whose education was superintended by Sir Lewis Steukley, and afterward by his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. He became, in after years, a man of wealth and prominence in Virginia, having inherited a considerable tract of land that had belonged to his grandfather, Powhatan. From him in the female line, for he had no sons, are descended many families now living. Apart from the usual interest attached to the history of Pocahontas, her name would be worthy of record from the fact that she was the first Indian convert in the British Colonies, the first native who learned to speak English, and the first who was united in marriage to an Englishman. Where her remains are interred, I do not know; but they should repose in American soil. Not far from her old haunts lie the remains of him whom a great nation delighteth to honor; but Mount Vernon itself can scarcely contain a more noble grave than that of Pocahontas.

GENIUS AND HAPPINESS.

BY REV. P. L. LEONARD.

MANY regret that they do not possess what the world calls genius; but they have little cause to mourn their want of this gift. The lives of great geniuses are often, in many respects, sad failures. Genius tends to disqualify its possessor for the prosaic duties of common life. But few men of genius have had a remarkable degree of common-sense. Rousseau was a great genius, but his whole life showed that he was but poorly adapted to succeed in the world. It is hard to decide which was the weakest, his head or his heart. Coleridge could write fine poems, but he needed a guardian to look out for his interests. Poe was one of the greatest geniuses that America ever produced; yet in his life he exhibited weaknesses of which a child might have been ashamed. Horace Walpole characterized Goldsmith as an "inspired idiot," and even the best friends of the poet could not deny that there was too much truth in the remark.

Genius is apt to make its possessor unsociable; and if he is not careful, his communion with the bright creations of his own imagination, will give him a disrelish for intercourse with creatures of common flesh and blood. He is in danger of becoming a true son of Ishmael, with his hand against every man. Least of all is he apt to be the friend of other men of genius. The history of literature affords but few examples of friendship among her most successful votaries. There is too much truth in Cowper's lines:

"Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel;
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each other's laurel."

The world does not generally treat the genius in such a manner as to add to his happiness. Most men place more importance upon their appetites than upon their intellects, and are more willing to pay for the gratification of the former than the cultivation of the latter. They are like the character mentioned in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, who could see no importance in the study of a certain language, because he was healthy and could sleep soundly without any knowledge of it. Great geniuses are not often burdened with wealth. Those who have large possessions on the top of Parnassus, seldom have much property elsewhere. He who successfully courts the muses, is seldom a favorite with mammon. Many men of genius have often found themselves in want of a dinner.

THE POWER OF GENIUS.

BY J. W. CALDWELL.

"Obey

Thy Genius, for a minister it is
Unto the throne of Fate. Draw to thy soul
And centralize the rays which are around
Of the Divinity."—BAILEY'S FESTUS.

GENIUS is the offspring of Nature. 'Tis that bent of mind by which one is fitted for some special avocation, for some peculiar enterprise or labor. It results from conformation, and is not the product of chance, nor yet the creature of mere fancy, or of will. The surroundings by which a life may be invested, may call out its powers, but can not create them.

It comes, as the problem comes, from the hand of a master, and is submitted to the pupil for solution and elucidation. An end is had in its formation; a purpose and design in its creation; hence it is not made in vain.

It may be perverted in its use; yet if unrestrained it will as naturally seek the avenues God has appointed for its reception as water does those channels that are ordained as outlets for it to the open seas.

Its freedom and elasticity make it indomitable and intensely active.

Oppression may arouse its powers, and draw out its forces, may even serve to hasten the hour of its culmination, but can never extinguish its kindled fires.

Disappointments may be temporary obstructions, and may at times appear embarrassing, but must eventuate in a more signal display of skill and power.

Delays may lead to a new survey of strength, to a fresh summing up of will, and purpose, and determination, but can not destroy the spirit with which it is endowed.

Antagonists may seem to hamper and entangle it, yet each successive effort for its enthrallment and subjugation will lead to a fresh manifestation of its inherent power, to a new display of its invincible will and courage. Fetters may not bind it; barriers may not hedge it in; clouds and tempests can not obscure its brightness. It may expand amid discouragements, it may feed and thrive upon the sturdy food of opposition.

It led Gallileo and Columbus, Luther and Tynedale, Clarke and Watt, Franklin and Fulton, to those sublime heights of moral and intellectual grandeur they each attained. Dauntless is its spirit; fearless is its language.

"Though all around is dark and cheerless,
And on high my star looks pale,

My heart is steadfast, still and fearless,
Still my lips disdain to wail.
My spirit still stands up undaunted,
Still I on myself rely;
No craven thought my brain e'er haunted;
Fate and fortune I defy."

THE LIFE-PATH.

BY A. H. DENNETT.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way."

No lofty archway, pillar'd, carv'd,
O'erspanns the entrance to the way
Which leadeth onward those who seek
The regions of Eternal Day;
Yet at the strait and humble gate
Angelic guides for pilgrims wait!

So small the entrance to that road
Each burden must be laid aside;
But he who yields each sinful load,
May through the open portal glide;
Cast off thy weight of guilt and sin,
Then through the strait gate enter in!

O, pilgrim! let thy heart faint not
As o'er the "narrow way" you tread;
Though trouble be thine earthly lot,
God's sunshine beameth overhead;
He giveth radiant, heavenly light,
To those who "walk by faith—not sight!"

Though thorns the sandal'd feet may pierce,
Till bloody footprints mark the way;
Though clouds grow dark, and storms rage fierce,
A holy light will round thee play;
Angels will aid, the Father's smile
Will all thy care and woe beguile!

Perchance the onward path will lead
O'er sandy deserts, dry and sear;
Water may fail thy thirsty need,
Yet even then thy Savior's near!
Some green oasis will arise
To glad, full soon, thy longing eyes.

Yet stay not long beneath green palms,
Nor linger where cool fountains play.
Let soothing rest and healing balms
But strengthen for the onward way;
All earthly toil, and pain, and strife,
Prepare thee for a higher life.

Then bear the cross with willing heart,
Nor murmur, though the way seem long;
Thine, pilgrim, is the "better part,"
Be thine the thankful, loving song
Whate'er thy sorrow, grief, or care,
God hears the earnest, trusting prayer.

Fear not the shadowy valley's gloom—
Dread not the flow of Death's dark wave—
A quenchless flame shines o'er the tomb:
The hand of God is strong to save!
Endure! a crown of gold doth wait
Thy coming to the "Pearly Gate!"

"THE SEED."

TO T. H. UNDERWOOD.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

O SAY not that the orphaned seed
 Thrown loose upon the lap of earth,
 Than ev'n the frailest human form,
 Hath more of promise, more of worth!
 For though the tiny thing may find
 Its way into the soil at length,
 Thence bursting from its embryo bed,
 Send up a tree of stalwart strength;
 Whose limbs mayhap will flaunt their blooms,
 And shower rich fruitage on the wind,
 Spreading the while a grateful shade,
 For bird, and beast, and human kind;
 Unlike the Laureate's "Talking Oak,"
 With all its boasted power to bless,
 Soulless—'t is doomed for aye to feel
 No touch of human tenderness.
 The winds among its braided boughs
 May chant their rhapsodies of praise,
 And birds through all the flowering year
 May sing their wildest, sweetest lays:
 But though the tide of life beneath
 That wrinkled rind flows strong and free—
 The heart, the woody heart is dead,
 To aught of love or sympathy.
 God's precious ministrant to man;
 Yet in itself the senseless toy
 Of nature, with no consciousness
 Either to suffer or enjoy.
 O Minstrel, not the thoughtless seed
 Which Summer casts upon the wind
 Is infinitely blest—but thou,
 With large capacity of mind;
 A heart that feels for others' woes,
 And hastes to proffer kind relief;
 A lyre, from which thy skillfulness
 Wrings solace for the heaviest grief;
 A soul—a longing soul—God's pledge
 To thee of immortality,
 And heirship of eternal life,
 When earthly blooms have ceased to be.
 O plaintive singer! lay thy harp
 Where faith can warm each trembling string,
 And thine shall be a sweeter psalm
 Than odors breathe or flow'rets sing.

ROSABELLE.

BY RALPH RAMBLER.

"Sweet be thy rest till He bid thee arise."
 As a flowing robe of silver
 The light of day-dawn fell
 Upon the laughing flowers
 And dewy-sprinkled bowers,
 Where, like an opening rosebud,
 Smiled Rosabelle.

Wild wafted by each zephyr,
 From hill to shady dell,
 Rang out full notes of gladness
 From hearts unused to sadness,
 When in our household garden
 Bloomed Rosabelle.

In hope's enchanting visions
 Our thoughts were wont to dwell
 Upon life's coming hours,
 When gay among the flowers
 Would sing our cherub prattler—
 Sweet Rosabelle.

But ere our day-dreams ended
 Night's gloomy curtain fell;
 And sorrows hovered o'er us
 As lowly bowed before us
 We saw the floweret fading—
 Our Rosabelle.

Soon, soon in deepest sadness
 Told forth the funeral knell;
 The fondest heart ties broken,
 The farewell whisper spoken,
 And cold in death's embraces
 Lay Rosabelle.

O round yon lonely earth-bed
 Go, sighing winds, and tell
 In tender, plaintive numbers
 Of her, whose loved form slumbers
 In that dark, silent chamber—
 Dear Rosabelle.

But when the holy watchers
 In azure glory dwell;
 Amid the blest of heaven
 A spirit robe is given
 And a crown of light immortal—
 To Rosabelle.

AN ANGEL.

BY ELIHU MASON MORSE.

I HEARD a voice—it was night
 On the land and over the sea;
 An angel with power sublime,
 In eternity singing of time,
 Sang a beautiful song to me.

I heard a voice—it was night
 On the earth and under the stars;
 A being clothed with the sun,
 A glorious, glorious one,
 Sang of love at my prison bars.

I heard a voice—it was night
 No more on the sea and the land;
 For back to the regions of time
 Came an angel, a maiden sublime,
 And gave me her heart and hand.

I hear a voice—it is night
 Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore;
 For I follow the maiden sublime
 To eternity, far out of time,
 To the beautiful, beautiful shore.

CLOTHES MAKE PEOPLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MISS MARY SORIN.

IN these three words lies hidden an inexhaustible truth. They are the keys to the astonishing disclosures of human life, which appear so incomprehensible to many, especially to the philosopher. They are the true, the only means to acquire all that blessedness for which a great part of mankind labor in vain. They are fools who assure themselves and others that only true desert, love to one's country, honesty, that only virtue, makes us happy, and really-great and illustrious people.

How cruelly and relentlessly have our moralists pursued us hitherto! For what need we all this anxious care? Dress! blessed invention! Clothes alone accomplish that which virtue and merit, honesty and patriotic zeal attempted in vain. Nothing is to me so laughable as an honorable man in a bad outfit, and it becomes entirely unbearable when such a one, because he is honest, desires to be noticed and admired. How long must he battle with hunger and contempt before he may in some degree surpass those people whose clothes make them renowned? An earnest care to do his duty justly does not in thirty years bring him to that position to which, by means of a splendid robe, he might attain in four and twenty hours. Let any one introduce such a man who, with his virtues and old-fashioned clothing, ventures, for the first time, into a company of the well-dressed. He will be very fortunate if the porter does not entirely forbid him an entrance. If he press in the ante-chamber, yet he must work his way through a multitude of servants, of which the most find him ridiculous, many look upon him indifferently, and the just ones do not see him at all. He asks to wait upon his Excellency. No one answers him. He asks very humbly to see his Excellency. One lackey points him to another, and no one announces him. He perceives at last the *valet de chambre*. He beseeches that he would show him the great favor, that he might pay his most humble respects to his Worthiness. Let the gentleman come again to-morrow, to-day he has company in his room. But would it not be possible? In short, no; his Excellency would have much to do if he receives every beggar's visits. Let the gentleman come again to-morrow. There stands the virtuous, the honorable, the learned man, the man of great desert, who supports himself honestly, serves his prince truly, has made a hundred people happy through his good advice, who protects with anxious care the rights of

oppressed widows and orphans—no one brings him to his Lordship. His threadbare garments crowd out of notice all his merit. Ashamed, he steals to the door to escape the scorn of the ante-chamber. One pushes him with force out of the way, another in respectful earnestness throws open the folding doors; all the servants are in motion—they place themselves in becoming attitudes—the *valet de chambre* flies into the room of his master—there is a noise within as he throws down the card.

His Lordship hastened to meet—whom? A gilded fool, who comes mincing up the steps, wearing upon his waistcoat the sweat of his cheated tailors. His head, empty as it is, will be admired because it is well dressed. His peculiar gift lies in the art of bowing politely. Had he understanding he would shame all his sixteen ancestors, and only out of kindly regard to his forefathers does he guard against becoming more learned than they have been. His heart is as wicked as his great ignorance will permit. He has not learned the least thing whereby he might serve himself or his country, and wherein he serves any body it is only by empty promises of favor. He borrows, cheats, whistles, and plays willingly and disastrously, and his Excellency rejoices with open arms over the honor of his visit.

Now is our honest man entirely forgotten, and it is fortunate for him that he escapes without injury from the honorable throng. It serves him right. The fool! why has he not better clothes and less merit? Men do the world wrong when they say it is unfeeling and blind to the merit of the upright man. It is not so; but one must open its eyes by outer pomp, and arouse it with an illustrious title. Can the world guess that a great spirit would conceal himself in a poor garment? The world is a theater, and on the stage we only consider those are princes who are clothed royally. All will not have patience to wait the last act, and the development of the play.

As we have only to thank our raiment for the decisive worth of our merit, I do not shun to declare that I behold few people with so much reverence as my tailor. I visit his workshop often, and never without a holy horror when I see how merit, virtue, and intellect grow beneath his creating hand, and honorable men spring forth out of nothing, from the stitch of his needle, as the first horse sprang courageous on the shore when Neptune with his mighty trident struck the sand.

A few weeks ago I went to him and found him in a chaos of velvet and rich satin, out of which he was about to create illustrious persons and

high mightinesses. He cut out one parish priest, and was quite dissatisfied that the satin would not suffice to complete his right reverend body. On a stool hung two excellencies without arms. One of his journeymen was at work on a young nobleman, who had allowed himself to collect from his farm two quarters' rent in advance in order to make himself presentable at the coming fair. On a bench lay a multitude of young fops, amiable young lords and sighing lovers, who appeared to wait with patience their formation and the unfolding of their characters. Under the bench lay a quantity of poor cloth and trash for learned men, merchants, artists, and other inferior beings. Two youths, who were not yet very skillful, sat upon the floor, and practiced on the garment of a poet. I stood by the master, holding my hat under my arm, and remained more than an hour in his wonderful presence.

My tailor is already accustomed to a respectful silence at such times, and questions me no more concerning the cause. He knows the esteem I have for his miraculous garments. It is right. It is only the clothes we adore upon the greatest. And because the body, adorned in these well-deserving robes, appears to us of unimportance and of little consequence, so our duty binds us to assume a respectful demeanor when we see these clothes without their accidental bodies.

So elevated are my thoughts when I behold the astonishing works of my tailor in his shop, so despondent do I become concerning the reputations of a great part of my countrymen as often as I pass by an old clothes shop. This is in regard to dress what the graves of men are to humanity. Here ceases all the difference; oftentimes in such a shop have I seen the worn-out cloak of a wit lie in great proximity to the garment of a rich usurer, and probably it often happens that the waistcoat of a village school-master hangs over the velvet cloak of his prelate. Yet more sorrowful is it when the costly raiment outlives the automaton which it covers. A richly-ornamented cloak was pointed out to me, which had been the wonder of the whole city, and the object of the open-mouthed admiration of many; but at last, on account of the want of modesty in his creditors it must flee to the pawnbrokers.

Before I finish this article I must mention one thing more. I have been very just, and shown that clothes make people and merit; for a recompense for this trouble I ask something that is quite as reasonable—that they to whom I, in comfort, have carried out and made clear this adage, shall be just, and never set down on their own account the attention their clothes have received. They advance nothing them-

selves, and it is really an unwarrantable robbery if they seize upon the respect for which they are indebted to their dress. Should I, contrary to expectation, learn that these, my admonitions, were taken in jest, and that many went on assuming for themselves the merit of their robes, I and my friends will openly mourn; we shall change the language of compliment, and when we meet a man in handsome clothing, say, "My Lord, I have the honor of assuring your vest of my most humble devotion; I commend myself to the favorable protection of your habit. Your country admires the merit of your rich facings. May Heaven preserve your velvet cloak to the Church and our city for many years!"

KATIE.

BY MRS. LAURA W. LA MOREUX.

HAVE you seen the beautiful wayward child,
With her lips so red and her laugh so wild,
With the wondering look in her deep-blue eyes,
Just the hue of the Summer's shower-washed skies?
O, she is a gladsome, glittering thing,
Blithe as a bird on the upward wing!

Would I could paint you the frolicsome elf,
Binding us all to her baby self!
Would I could steal from her changing face
A swift-winged gleam of its untold grace!
But all we can give is the darling's name—
Two looks of her face are never the same.

We love to toss her and fling her about
For the ringing glee of her baby shout,
For the flashing light of her joyful smile,
That deepens and dimples the merry while;
With never a limb or a pulse at rest,
Or a quiet throb in her little breast.

Beautiful Katie! roguish girl!
Pinch a soft cheek, or pull a bright curl,
And then for the bound, and the smothered cry,
And the leap that brings her some warm heart by
She is growing a very witch of late,
But where are the worlds could buy our Kate?

O, what would we do if the little feet
Were pacing the gold of the shining street?
If the dazzling folds of the pearly gate
Were barring within our sweet-voiced Kate?

A year, and over her dimpled breast
Two baby hands are folded in rest;
Down in the grave we have laid her low,
Down 'neath the wintry winds and snow,
And through the folds of the pearly gate
Has passed our sweet-voiced, white-winged Kate.

O, what shall we do now the little feet
Are pacing the gold of the shining street?
Father, we know thou hast taken thine own;
Bowed 'neath the stroke we are weeping alone.
Gather us close in thy arms of love,
Keep us pure for our spotless dove.

DR. COKE.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL. D.

METHODIST FOREIGN EVANGELIZATION.

FROM its beginning Methodism was characterized by a zealous spirit of propagandism. It was essentially missionary. Its introduction into the West Indies, by Gilbert, in 1760, and into Nova Scotia, by Caughlan, in 1765; the appointment of Pilmoor and Boardman to America in 1769, and its commencement at New York at least three years before this date; the formation successively of its Irish, Welsh, and English domestic missions, and the organization of a missionary "institution" at least two years before the first of what are called modern missionary societies,* attest its character as an energetic system of evangelization. But in these undertakings it confined its labors almost entirely to the British dominions. Its plans were, in a sense, domestic. The grand idea of foreign, of universal evangelization, could not yet take effect; but it was entertained, for as early as 1786 Coke, who represented in his own person the proper missionary work of the denomination, published the design of "A Mission in Asia." Nearer fields, however, claimed attention first. The West India missions early reached to some of the neighboring dependencies of non-English governments; to St. Eustatius—Dutch—in 1787, St. Bartholomew's—Swedish—in 1798, and later to St. Martin's, Hayti, and other colonies. The long-baffled attempts in France of the Norman Methodists of the Channel Islands, were the first really foreign missionary labors of Methodism beyond the Anglo-Saxon race, if we except the Island of St. Eustatius; nor indeed need this exception be made, for William Mahy appears in the Conference appointments as early as 1791 for France, whereas a regular missionary could not secure admission to St. Eustatius till about 1804. In 1796 Coke dispatched a small colony of artisans and agriculturists to the country of the Foulahs, Africa, with a liberal outfit, but it included no missionary, and it broke up and entirely failed. In 1804 James M'Mullen was sent as a missionary to Gibraltar, but he was appointed to meet the moral wants of the British troops there, and disasters suspended the mission for some years. In 1811 George Warren, with three fellow-laborers, was dispatched to Sierra Leone; but this was a British colony, and though the mission contemplated plans for the evangeli-

zation of the neighboring heathen tribes, its immediate object was to provide for the religious necessities of the settlement.

These gradual developments of missionary energy, grand as some of them are in their historical importance, were but preliminary to that denominational missionary system which arose from Coke's project of an Asiatic mission, to be headed by himself in person. His death, on the Indian Ocean, struck not only a knell through the Church, but a summons for it to rise universally and march around the world. He had long entertained the idea of universal evangelization as the exponent characteristic of the Methodist movement. The effect of the movement on English Protestantism hitherto had tended to such a result, for in both England and America nearly all denominations had felt the influence of the great revival, not only during the days of Whitefield and Wesley, but ever since. Anglo-Saxon Christianity, in both hemispheres, had been quickened into new life, and experienced a change amounting to a moral revolution. The sublime apostolic idea of evangelization in all the world, and till all the world should be Christianized, had not only been restored as a practical conviction, but had become pervasive and dominant in the consciousness of the Churches, and was manifestly thenceforward to shape the religious history of the Protestant world. The great fermentation of the mind of the civilized nations—the resurrection, as it may be called, of popular thought and power—coterminous in the civil and religious world, in the former by the American and French Revolutions, in the latter by the Methodist movement, seemed the signal of God for a new history of the human race. And history is compelled to record, with the soberest admission of the characteristic defects of Thomas Coke, that no man, not excepting Wesley or Whitefield, more completely represented the religious significance of these eventful times.

He was now to perfect a life of great services by becoming a missionary himself, and by dying in that character.

The British sway in India had opened a new southern world for the enterprise of war, commerce, and Christianity. When the British East India Company was yet only a trading corporation, Robert Clive, one of its young clerks, threw aside his pen, and seizing the sword, won the magnificent Asiatic power of England. Without rank, without military education, he placed himself at the head of a small force, into which he infused his own invincible courage and energy. When but twenty-five years old, he led two hundred English and three hundred Sepoy troops, not one of the officers of which had ever seen an

* An Address, etc., for the support of missionaries, etc., by Thomas Coke, LL. D., 1786. See *Wes. Mag.*, 1840, p. 573.

action, through frightful impediments, to Arcot, and took its fortifications. For fifty days he stood a siege, and at last triumphed, achieving feats of courage, and still greater feats of fortitude, which proved that the young military book-keeper was one of those great men of history whom God sends to change the destiny of empires. The French and the native powers entered the field to arrest this new fate of the East. The night of the 22d of June, 1757, was the eve of its greatest crisis. Before Clive lay the enemy, with forty thousand infantry, fifteen thousand cavalry, and more than fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size. He had but three thousand troops with which to confront these tremendous odds. His high spirit quailed for a moment, but his British resolution rose quickly to the height of the exigency. He spent an hour meditating alone in the forest over the extraordinary prospect before him. He ordered his troops forward; they crossed a river, and the little army seemed within grasp of the opposing host. On the next morning, the 23d of June, 1757, the day of a new destiny dawned upon India: its fate was decided on the field of Plassey. One hour sufficed for the dispersion of the enemy. By his three thousand men, and with the loss of but twenty-two slain and fifty wounded, the young clerk scattered to the winds an army of almost sixty thousand, and founded the British domination in Asia—subduing a power larger than his whole country, and giving to England a new empire which, in our day, comprises an area of nearly one and a half million square miles of territory, and nearly two hundred millions of people.

Toward this immense field the spirit of Coke, as great in its zeal for the kingdom of Christ as was that of Clive for the power of England, turned incessantly for some years before he dared to surprise his brethren with his plans. As early as 1784 he was in correspondence with a resident of Bengal respecting it.* He kept it steadily in view, looking impatiently for the opportune hour. The India Government was opposed to any plans for the evangelization of the Hindoos. The financial resources of the Wesleyan body did not seem to justify the undertaking. What could he do? He heard that the British Government thought of appointing a bishop to India, and he ventured to offer himself for the proposed see, as a means of beginning his missionary plans. He addressed a letter to Wilberforce on the subject, offering to sacrifice all his relations with the Methodist Church for the great design. "I am not," he wrote, "so much wanted in our connection at home as I was. Our Committee of Priv-

ileges, as we term it, can watch over the interests of the body in respect to laws and government, as well in my absence as if I were with them. Our Missionary Committee in London can do the same in respect to missions, and my absence would only make them feel their duty more incumbent upon them. Auxiliary committees through the nation—which we have now in contemplation—will amply supply my place in respect to raising money. There is nothing to influence me much against going to India but my extensive sphere for preaching the Gospel. But this, I do assure you, sir, sinks considerably in my calculation, in comparison with the high honor—if the Lord were to confer it upon me in his providence and grace—of beginning or reviving a genuine work of religion in the immense regions of Asia." He had been informed, on the authority of Wilberforce, that Parliament was "set against granting any countenance to Dissenters or Methodists in favor of sending missionaries to India." Hence, rather than fail in his purpose, he was willing to act in his character as a minister of the Establishment. He further remarks to Wilberforce: "India cleaves to my heart. I sincerely believe that my strong inclination to spend the remainder of my life there originates in the Divine will, while I am called upon to use the secondary means to obtain the end."

The letter was imprudent and characteristic; for, like most great men, Coke had his weaknesses; but his life and character forbid any ungenerous interpretation of the correspondence. The fact that it was written to the pure-minded Wilberforce is proof of its pure intention. Coke was already wielding an episcopal power compared with which the India see would be insignificant except so far as it could facilitate his missionary designs. He wished not salary, for he was independent. "I am not conscious," he continues in his letter to Wilberforce, "that the least ambition influences me in this business. I possess a fortune of about £1,200 a year, which is sufficient to bear my traveling expenses and to enable me to make many donations."*

Of course the proposition failed. But Coke's energy could not fail. Ceylon, "the threshold before the gate of the East," was not under the restrictive control of the East India Company.

* And yet the son of Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford—Correspondence of Wilberforce, Vol. II, p. 256—has invidiously given this letter to the world, and Dr. Pusey has used it in impeachment of the character of Coke—letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, etc., third edition. Jackson has ably answered the charge. (Letter to Rev. Ed. B. Pusey, D. D., p. 43. London, 1812.) The whole case is highly creditable to the heart,

* See the Methodist Magazine for 1792.

Its Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Johnston, had expressed a wish for Wesleyan missionaries, and the Portuguese language could be available there. Coke was determined to go in spite of every obstacle. His friend, Samuel Drew, wrote to him, remonstrating against the design on account of his age and the need of his services at home. He replied: "I am now dead to Europe, and alive for India. God himself has said to me, Go to Ceylon! I would rather be set naked on its coast, and without a friend, than not to go. I am learning the Portuguese language continually." This was enthusiasm, doubtless, but it was the enthusiasm which makes heroes and apostles, and which suffered on the cross for us men and our redemption.

Coke was in Ireland when he wrote this letter to Drew. Irishmen had been among the best evangelists of Methodism; their fervor, their buoyant temper in the endurance of all kinds of hardships, and their never-failing courage, had been signalized in most of its fields. They had founded Methodism in the United States of America, they had given the first Wesleyan missionary to Gibraltar, the first to the North American British Provinces, and one of the first little band which was cast with Coke, by the storms of the Atlantic, upon the West India Islands. They had reinforced the missions of those islands frequently with such men as M'Cormick, Werril, Daniel Graham, Sturgeon, and Murdock. Coke had found Irish converts as settlers, or soldiers, in many of the islands, and by them had organized many new societies. Irish Methodist soldiers had even written from the barracks of Bengal for Wesleyan missionaries; they seemed to beckon him to the great Oriental field for which he was planning. He now applied to the Irish Conference for the first official approval of his Asiatic project. It voted for him with enthusiasm; and, hard pressed as it was, by its own necessities, and looking upon him, as it had for years, with almost idolatrous affection as its own chief apostle, it not only sanctioned his plan, but voted him several of its preachers and missionaries. One of them, John M'Kenny, a native of Colerain, was to be left at the Cape of Good Hope, the first Methodist preacher of South Africa. Gideon Onseley, the missionary champion of

Irish Methodism, stood forth on the Conference floor and begged, with tears, to be permitted to accompany them, but his brethren could not dispense with his services at home.*

Thus sustained, Coke presented himself before the British Conference in 1813 with his scheme and his Irish missionaries. The Conference was astonished; but what important event of this life could fail to astonish them? "Many rose to oppose" it. Benson, "with vehemence," said it would "ruin Methodism," for the failure of so gigantic a project would seem to involve the honor of the denomination before all the world. The debate was adjourned to the next day. Coke, leaning on the arm of one of his missionaries, returned to his lodgings in deep anguish, the tears flowing down his face in the streets. He was not at the ante-breakfast session the next day. The missionary hastened to his chamber and found that he had not been in bed; his disheveled silvery locks showed that he had passed the night in deep distress. He had spent the hours in prostration on the floor, praying for India. They went to the Conference and Coke made a thrilling speech. He not only offered to lay himself on the altar of this great sacrifice, but if the Conference could not meet the financial expense of the mission, he offered to lay down thirty thousand dollars toward it. Reece, Atmore, and Bunting had already stood up for him, and Thomas Roberts made for him a "moving appeal." The Conference could not resist longer without denying its old faith in the providence of God. It voted him authority to go and take with him seven men, including the one for South Africa. Coke immediately called out from the session Clough, the missionary who had sympathized with him in his defeat the day before, and walking down the street, not now with tears, but "with joy beaming in his eye, and with a full heart," exclaimed, "Did I not tell you that God would answer prayer?"

Preparations were forthwith begun for this memorable expedition. James Lynch, John M'Kenny, William Ault, George Erskine, William M. Harvard, Thomas H. Squance, Benjamin

* Coke had to suffer not a little from the usual jealousies of human nature, in both the English and American Conferences. His large spirit transcended and startled most men; but Ireland never failed him. Wesley himself has, to this day, hardly more of her affection and admiration. Coke was the favorite president of her Conferences for many years; and while the English Conference often looked askance at the wonderful little man, the Irish Conference continually sent over enthusiastic testimonies of their admiration for him. Its Addresses to the British Conference are inspiring examples of Irish heartiness.

however it may detract from the head of Coke. The first Protestant bishop of the New World, turning "the world upside down" by his apostolic energy, can not suffer seriously by any reflection from either the Bishop or the anchorite of Oxford. If any of my readers think Coke needs farther vindication, I must refer them to Jackson's pamphlet and to Etheridge's Memoir. p. 370.

Clough, and the wives of Harvard and Ault, composed, with Coke, the little company. Well furnished with provisions for their work, including a printing-press and type, they assembled at Portsmouth to depart on their long voyage. As they stood around their gray-headed leader, he rose from his chair, and with uplifted hands exclaimed, "Here we all are before God, embarked in the most important and glorious work in the world. Glory be ascribed to his blessed name, that he has given you to be my companions and assistants in carrying the Gospel to Asia, and that he has not suffered parents, nor brothers, nor sisters, nor the dearest friends, to stop any of you from going with me!" At this time, says one of the missionaries, he seemed as if he had not a dormant faculty; every power of his soul was alive to his grand design. He preached his last sermon in England at Portsmouth. "It is of little consequence," he said in it, "whether we take our flight to glory from the land of our nativity, from the trackless ocean, or the shores of Ceylon!" They were ominous but exultant words. The last sentence of the sermon was equally so: "God will give us our part in the first resurrection, that in us the second death may have no power!"

On the 30th of December, 1813, they departed in a fleet of six Indiamen and more than twenty other merchant vessels, convoyed by three ships of war. Coke and two of the missionaries were on board of one of the Indiamen, and the rest of the party on board of another. All were treated with marked respect by the officers and the hundreds of troops and other passengers who crowded the vessels. In about a week a terrific gale overtook them in the Bay of Biscay, and a ship full of people, in which Coke had at first designed to embark, was lost. On the tenth of February one of the Indiamen hoisted her flag at half mast, and all the fleet responded to the signal: the wife of Ault was dead, and that evening was buried in the sea. She died "triumphant in the faith."

Severe gales still swept over them, especially at the Cape of Good Hope. Several sailors were lost overboard, and the missionaries suffered much in their health. The fleet did not touch at the Cape, but McKenny was borne thither by one of the ships. In the Indian Ocean Coke's health rapidly declined. On the morning of the third of May his servant knocked at his cabin door to awake him at his usual time of half-past five o'clock. He heard no response. Opening the door he beheld the lifeless body of the missionary extended on the floor. A "placid smile was on his countenance." He was cold and stiff, and must have died before midnight. It is sup-

posed that he had risen to call for help, and fell by apoplexy. His cabin was separated by only a thin wainscot from others, in which no noise or struggle had been heard, and it is inferred that he died without violent suffering. Consternation spread among the missionary band, but they lost not their resolution. They prepared to commit him to the deep, and to prosecute, as they might be able, his great design. A coffin was made, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the corpse was solemnly borne up to the leeward gangway, where it was covered with signal flags; the soldiers were drawn up in rank on the deck; the bell of the ship tolled, and the crew and passengers deeply affected crowded around the scene. One of the missionaries read the burial service, and the moment that the sun sunk below the Indian Ocean the coffin was cast into its depths.

He died in his sixty-seventh year. Though the great leader was no more, his spirit remained; and the East Indian Missions of Methodism, "presenting in our day a state of massive strength and inexpressible utility," sprang from this fatal voyage. But the most important result of this expedition was the impulse which was given to the missionary movement at home by the death of Coke, and the organized form which the enterprise soon after assumed throughout the connection. Coke's personal superintendence of the missions had seemed hitherto to render unnecessary any such organization, especially as the circuit collections had been some time regularly and generally taken up by the preachers; but he himself had, prior to his voyage, proposed the formation of missionary societies throughout the Church. The last Irish Conference which he attended, which began its session in Dublin, July 3, 1813, had the honor, if not of making the first public suggestion, at least of taking the first public action on the subject. It ordained that auxiliary societies should be established throughout Ireland to raise annual subscriptions for "our missions throughout the globe." "We have made an offering," it added, "of four preachers for the important work, and our President has undertaken to go himself to Ceylon with the missionaries who shall be appointed by the two Conferences. Before Coke's departure to the East a friend of William Dawson suggested to him, at Leeds, that the cause "must be taken out of the Doctor's hands, that it must be made public—a common cause." George Morley, superintendent of the Leeds district, expressed the same opinion; his colleagues, Bunting and Pilter, favored it. They consulted Naylor and Everett, of the adjacent Bromley circuit, and the design was adopted. Watson and Buckley, on Wakefield circuit, quickly entered into it, and were

followed by Reece and Atmore, of the Bradford and Halifax circuits. Bunting formed the first plan, Buckley preached the first sermon in its behalf at Armley, and the first public meeting for its organization was held in the "Old Chapel" at Leeds, on the afternoon of the 6th of October, 1813. Immediately similar meetings began to be held in other parts of the Church. "A new era," says a historian of Methodism, "was thus inaugurated, a prelude of such progress in the civilization and religion of mankind, at no very distant day, as perhaps the world had never seen before, certainly never since the apostolic age."

The missionary cause was no longer to be a casual or secondary interest of Methodism. It was to be the characteristic fact of the denomination; its every Church was to become virtually a missionary society; its eminent men, Bunting, Watson, Clarke, Newton, and their compeers, its humbler but popular men like Dawson, Hick, and Saville, laboring as heretofore for its local prosperity, were nevertheless to become representatives of the spirit of universal propagandism which had been kindling and extending, till it now broke forth, like an unquenchable flame, and glowed around all the Methodist altars. It was now, in fine, to assume with new distinctness its last historical phase, and present an organic exemplification of what has been said to be its legitimate, its essential character, "a revival Church in its spirit, a missionary Church in its organization."

The successive measures of the Conference tending to this result and following it—the appointment of missionary committees, of preachers and laymen, of stated missionary collections in the Churches, of resident secretaries at London, of deputations to missionary meetings in various parts of the Kingdom, and the founding of a mission-house in the metropolis, culminated in 1818 in the formation of the General Wesleyan Missionary Society, to be coextensive with the connection, and to consolidate its whole missionary interest. The district organizations were to be called Auxiliary Societies; those of circuits and towns Branch Societies; and Ladies' Branch Societies, and Juvenile Branch Associations were to be formed. Monthly missionary prayer meetings were to be held "in every chapel of the connection," a measure which was ordained by the Conference as early as 1815. A large board of managers was appointed among the laymen, of which were Joseph Bulmer, Thomas Farmer, Thomas Marriott, Richard Smith, and other influential men. Thomas Thompson, of Hull, and George Marsden, were the general treasurers. Jabez Bunting, Joseph Taylor, and Richard Watson, were the secretaries.

The news of Coke's death reached England at the right time to stimulate the measures begun in 1813. Their necessity was now more than ever apparent, and they rapidly advanced till, in about four years after his fall, the mighty structure of the Wesleyan Missionary Society rose in its complete proportions, an organization which was destined to exceed our day by all kindred Protestant institutions in success abroad, and to be exceeded only by that of the National Church in its financial results at home.

Such were some of the most important results of the life of Thomas Coke, or at least of tendencies in the Methodistic movement which he more than any other man represented. There is essential greatness in the character of this man. He had, doubtless, characteristic weakness also. There have been few great men without them; the faults of such men become the more noticeable, either by contrast with their greatness or by partaking it; and the vanity of ordinary human nature is eagerly disposed, in its self-gratulation, to criticise as peculiar defects of superior men infirmities that are common to all. Coke's attempt with Bishop White to unite the Methodist and Protestant Episcopal Churches, his proposal to the Bishop of London to recognize and ordain the Wesleyan ministry, his project at Litchfield for an Episcopal organization of British Methodism, and his offer of himself to Wilberforce for a see in India have been discussed as blunders, if not worse than blunders; but had they been adopted they might have appeared quite otherwise. Unquestionably they betray a want of that keen sagacity which passes for prudence, though it is oftener guile. It is equally unquestionable, that they admit not of an unfavorable moral interpretation. There was a vein of simplicity running through his whole nature, such as sometimes marks the highest genius. He was profound in nothing except his religious sentiments. A certain capaciousness of soul, really vast, belonged to him, but it never took the character of philosophic generalization. It is impossible to appreciate such a man without taking into the estimate the element of Christian faith: the Christian religion being true, he was among the most rational of men; that being false, he was, like Paul and all genuine Christians, "of all men the most miserable" and the most irrational. Practical energy was his chief intellectual trait; and if it was sometimes effervescent it was never evanescent. He had a leading agency in the greatest facts of Methodism, and it was impossible that the series of momentous deeds which mark his career, could have been the result of mere accident or fortune. They must have been legitimate to the man. Neither Whitefield nor

Wesley exceeded him in ministerial travels. It is probable that no Methodist of his day, it is doubtful whether any Protestant of his day, contributed more from his own property for the spread of the Gospel. His biographer says that he expended the whole of his patrimonial estate, which was quite large, on his missions and their chapels.

Dr. Coke was married twice; both his wives were like-minded with himself, and both had considerable fortunes, which were used like his own. In 1794 was published an account of his missionary receipts and disbursements for the preceding year, from which it appeared that there were due him nearly eleven thousand dollars; he gave the whole sum to the cause. Flying during nearly forty years over England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; crossing the Atlantic eighteen times; traversing the United States and the West Indies; the first who suggested the constitutional organization of English Methodism by Wesley's Deed of Declaration; the organizer, under Wesley, of the episcopal government of American Methodism; the first Protestant bishop in the western hemisphere; the founder of the Methodist missions—though not of Methodism—in the West Indies, in Africa and in Asia, in England, Wales, and Ireland; the official and almost sole director of the missionary operations of the denomination during his long public life, and the founder of its first Tract Society, he must be recognized as one of the chief representative men of modern religious history, if not, indeed, as his associate in the American Episcopacy pronounced him, "the greatest man of the last century" in "labors and services as a minister of Christ."

He had to suffer the usual disparagements of such men. Even the good men with whom he was associated in both America and England, sometimes were startled with apprehensions for him. The greatest of them all, however, after Wesley, Francis Asbury, whose insight into character was next to infallible, has, as we have seen, left him a eulogy which he would not have pronounced on any other modern man. During the seven years' struggle of English Methodism after Wesley's death, his interference was treated with suspicious caution by the British Conference. The extreme act of the session of 1795, prohibiting all ordinations, and declaring any one who should violate the vote excluded from the denomination, had reference to his ordination of Mahy in France. He was passed by, in the elections to the Conference Presidency, during this period; but he bore the disparagement with meekness. The reaction in his favor was at last signal; he was elected President in 1797, and thus, by a happy accident or providence, had the

honor of presiding at the very session in which the Church was led triumphantly out of its perilous struggle, with a settled polity and a renewed and hardly paralleled career.

The death of such a man is like the fall of a monarch, but of a monarch who has founded a permanent dynasty and an invincible empire. He lives still, and lives a more energetic life than when he was in the flesh, for the freedom of the moral, like that of the intellectual world, is illimitable by time or place. Paul preaches around the earth to-day, as Homer still sings to every scholarly ear. Luther yet lives, leading the moral forces of modern civilization. And we may not doubt that when, in the distant future, the historian shall mention the great men of our day, as we do the Pauls, Augustines, Luthers, and Calvins of the past, the Welsh Methodist, Thomas Coke, will be cited among the chief of those who, in this age, devised or conducted the plans by which the human race is to be regenerated.

SONNET.

BY E. H. V. BENSCHOTEN.

How many lives are spent in idle dreaming
Of unearned good to come, devoid of care!
How many souls are satisfied with seeming
What they should be, and being what they are!
Alas! how few the nobleness inherit,
Which, scorning selfish care and empty show,
In active goodness shines, whose generous spirit
O'erflows to want, to sorrow, and to woe!
Time's restless wing should teach us active living;
No fondly-dreaming idler enters heaven;
To him who wills, and works, nor ceases striving
To overcome with love, is victory given.
So let us march, my friend, with armor bright
Through this dark world up to the gates of light.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY ELLEN E. WACK.

BRIGHT Spring! again thy footsteps press
The mourning earth!
At thy caress
What joy and beauty springeth into birth
And 'neath thy smile
How many living things grow warm the while!
Fair Spring!
Such ardent words thy lovers speak—
Such rapturous praise,
The peach blush mantles o'er thy cheek
E'en while they gaze!
And what o'erflowing love replies
From out thy blue and glorious eyes—
Sweet Spring!

WHAT THE FOREST SAID TO ITSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

THE FOREST BROOK.

THE fir-tree had closed his narrative with the melancholy prospect of an uncertain continuation; his last words had softly died away, and over the whole forest settled a profound calm. One noise only sounded through this stillness: the splashing of the forest brook, which, in broken tune, beat upon stone and root—the eternal clock of the wood.

And as it murmured along, now flashing out clear in the sunshine, now overcast with the shadows of the trees and clouds, while the images which were reflected in its surface disappeared, this monotonous tone fashioned itself into audible words, and unprovoked, and yet listened to by flowers and trees, the forest brook began a narration.

Tree and flower heard attentively. A solemn silence lay upon the wood, only the brook splashed in the distance—the only sound far and wide. That is the forest stillness. Who does not know it? By whom has it not, indeed, been recognized as the Sabbath rest of the plants of the wood? All so still and restful round about. Even the deer breathes again more softly, and does not stir. Over the hunter himself it falls like a holy, sweet shower, and he forgets his passion, and sinks down in the grass to the universal rest of the forest. That is the time when the brook related to the trees and flowers a story—that is the forest silence. And the brook said:

"Do you know where I rise? Do you know my origin? That of the meadow brook is known. There it gushes plainly forth like a little fountain over a stone or near a little hillock; it then becomes larger and larger, so that the short covering of the grass is no longer sufficient for it, although the blades greatly extend themselves to favor it, till at last it springs with a determined bound from the tall grass, laden with light spangly blossoms and black buds. Of the mountain brook it is known also whence he comes. Upon the summit lies the snow—the eternal crest of the mountain—which only the sun colors when it rises and sets, and which the clouds array with mystical veils when they float past, and near by in the ravines glimmers the ice of the glacier, dark blue and motionless in its clefts. On the surface it appears entirely unchangeable, but within still stirs a wakeful life. There it wells and flows, and the drops play through the fissures and clefts, and there is a continual gush-

ing and trickling of water, for Apollo kisses incessantly the summit of the mountain. This constant affection moves and wakens also his inflexible ice-heart, and those little fountains are the children of these kisses. They aspire and search about till readily they find the way out. But when they come to the light they are surprised and startled as they look out first over the wide world which lies unfolded before them. Other newly-formed little fountains flow toward them, and now they venture farther, moving slowly at first, then fast and faster, and then, a brisk mountain brook, it bounds, like the chamois which was born not far from it, wantonly from cliff to cliff. Now it foams up proudly like the mountain snow, now it gleams out clear, an unbroken mirror, like the ice of the glacier, till it descends into the valley and grows quiet in the sweet rest of the plain.

"But whence do I, the forest brook, spring? You do not find the fountain which produces me, neither the snow nor ice, whose child I was. Follow my course. Here you think it commences, and seek behind a stone, a mound of moss; but it is gone, and farther back, behind a gnarled root, it laughs out at you. Now I extend myself, a broad mirror, underneath a thousand herbs and blossoms, now I sink in a mass of stones, which, envious of the verdure of the forest, have set also green caps of moss on their gray heads; but there I flow farther on, and here trickle forth again. But you do not find the fountain which remains the enigma of the wood. So hear, then, how I originated.

"Overhead, upon a fleecy cloud which floated lightly over the plains, sat a delicate fairy—the favorite attendant of the fairy queen—who took care of the jewelry of her mistress. There she drew out of a casket a long, long string of costly pearls—a gift of the sea. 'Guard them well,' Titania had said, 'the tears of the sea are my most cherished ornament.'

"Pearls are, indeed, the tears of the sea, which it does not weep, however, but which it incloses fast in its depths, till the diver, at the hazard of his life, brings them to the light. They have become hardened and unalterable, but they still always look, in their subdued gleam, like weeping eyes.

"The little fairy was sporting with the pearls, and held the string high up to see if they would not gleam clearer in the sunlight; but the pearl is not like the jewel, which borrows its luster from without; the tear of the sea enshrines in itself its soul, and shines out from within. Behind the fairy sat Puck, the rogue, who teases men and fairies, and while she was playing with the ornament, he, unnoticed, cut the string, and

down rolled the pearls, first away over the cloud, and then down to the earth. The fairy sat at first immovable with terror; then she roused herself, and flew down from the cloud after the same pearls. As she hovered in the boundless space between the clouds and the earth she saw how the clear globules were scattered about on all sides, and rolled and glittered, and, hopeless, she would have turned back, when she descried beneath her a green plain, and in the grass and upon the flowers gleamed pearls a thousand fold, which she took for the lost ones. The fairy still carried on her arm the casket in which the string of pearls had been kept, and she began assiduously to gather them again one by one. Already the little casket began to be filled, when Titania's beloved servant discovered that they were not pearls, the tears of the sea, but dew, the tears of the flowers, and sorrowfully she went farther on to seek for the lost ones. Behold, then she saw pearls hang in the eyes of a mother, who bent over her dying child, and she gathered them; there the tears of affection; and as she went still farther she found other weeping eyes—tears so many that her casket overflowed. Ah, how many tears must be wept upon the earth! for from the eyes of men gushes often a strange flood, but its fountain, I can tell you, its fountain is the heart; there knock pain, sorrow, repentance, sometimes joy also; thence the little rill flows. And this exercises a wonderful magic, for that heart must indeed be very hard that is no longer moved by the tears of others.

"Often will men stupefy it, and say, 'I have no sympathy for these tears, they are well-merited.' But that is very false, for tears always flow, and they come, too, from the heart which, perhaps, has been very severely beaten upon. Our fairy now took all these for the lost pearls, secured the casket fast on her arm, and with it soared aloft to the clouds. And, alas! the casket became heavier and heavier, for tears do not weigh light, and as she opened it, there were all the supposed pearls dissolved.

"Inconsolable, she flew from cloud to cloud—for they had all loved her—and told abroad her grief. But the clouds sent their rain down upon the earth to seek for the lost pearls. It poured and flowed, and tree and plants bowed down, and it whisked off the dew, but it did not find the pearls again. Puck, the rogue, saw that, saw the pain of the poor fairy, of which he was guilty, and he was sorry, for he wished to tease and not to grieve. Down he dived into the depth of the earth, and from his friends, the goblins and gnomes, brought variegated, gleaming ores, glittering spangles, and carried them up to the fairy.

"'There hast thou all thy treasure again, and better and brighter,' said he.

"The fairy rejoiced, and the clouds ceased raining. But when she examined the gift more closely it was nothing but show and glitter, and, angry, she seized the shell in which it lay, and threw it far away, so that the shining fragments flew over the horizon in an expanding bow. That was the first rainbow. When, since then, the clouds weep again, Puck fetches his spangles, and the play is repeated.

"Beautiful is the rainbow. We all rejoice over it, and men do also; but delusive, a gift of the gnomes and a fabric of Puck, the rogue, is it nevertheless. Men know that well, for when they pursue it it recedes inaccessible before them, and all at once it has vanished. What becomes of it? It falls into the sea, the children say, and the nymphs make their party-colored garments out of it. What at that time accident produced, Puck now builds up himself. With his treasure he spans the heavens, and when there is any thing remaining over, he goes back again, constructs a second, smaller—a little shining bow. Therefore you see so often doubled upon the horizon this gleaming vision; for this reason it is seen only when the clouds weep in sympathy with the sorrow of the fairy whom Puck provoked and yet seeks to console.

"Yet our fairy sat still sorrowful upon the cloud, and could not rejoice at the first rainbow which she had herself produced. Then Titania went to her. At this time the capricious queen was in a very good humor, and when her attendant had told her the cause of her grief, she smiled and quickly forgave her. Perhaps she was the more easily reconciled to her loss because already a genius of the sea, whose heart she had won, had promised another ornament of pearls, for the great are generous, even with the tears which are intrusted to them. But what should she now do with the heavy contents of the casket which the fairy still carried on her arm?

"'Hasten down to the most secret, retired place of my wood,' said Titania, 'and pour out these drops among the most fragrant plants; let these tears remain as they are, but, united, they shall flow a great tear of the forest.'

"The fairy obeyed the command of the queen, and so flowed thence the first wood brook, so had also the forest its tears. Know you now where I rise? As of the tears of men, my fountain is also the heart—the hidden heart of the wood. When grief, longing, pain knock thereat then flows the tear. In Summer, when so many a child of the wood must be broken and destroyed, I flow lightly but unceasingly. In Autumn, when every thing is passing away, I

lament in quiet sorrow the blossoms and leaves which the wind often strews in my course, on account of sorrow for which I also become their grave. In the dreary solitude of Winter I grow chill, and the tear turns to a pearl like the hidden grief of the sea. So I hang upon the roots, upon the stones, with the subdued luster of eyes weary of weeping. But in Spring, when longing rises in all hearts, then flows the tear of the wood in sorrow and joy; then I swell high, and overflow the limits of my course in order to salute as far as I can the grass and flowers. Often, also, sympathy awakens me, for when the clouds weep rain or the flowers dew, then also swells the forest brook. Do you not perceive that my fountain is the heart of the wood by my whole appearance, by the breath of feeling and sadness which exhales from me toward you? The melancholy sedge presses up to me. Where I flow springs especially the tender forget-me-not, which looks up like true blue eyes in the parting hour. The weeping willow in her unceasing sorrow droops her branches even into my waves. Especially I excite emotion. Even the stone which intrudes upon my course, the unchangeable stone, past which time strides unnoticed, weeps gentle tears after me when my wave touches him, and my kisses are the only thing which he does not withstand. Therefore do I love the stone.

"Men know a strange, sad legend of a man who outlives every thing, whom death shuns eternally. So it appears to me the stone is the Ahasuerus of the wood, and he could relate to you many a story, for his memory reaches to the time long gone by.

"Puck, the rogue, is now envious of the forest brook, which he would surpass with his tinsel, and which now retains an eternal significance, and he often throws jealousy in my way a gnarled root, a sharp stone, so that my drops spring high up and are scattered. Then you see in the sunbeams variegated colors like those of the rainbow playing about me. That is Puck's finery, which he suspends near my luster as if he would say, 'Now, are not my gifts more beautiful?' But they are quickly faded, and I flow on unchanged. So often comicality and roguishness crowd into the neighborhood of grief and mourning as if a jocose spirit produced it. Even the heart of man when it is ready to break in bitterest sorrow swells often with ludicrous emotion; even over the tearful countenance plays often a flash of laughter. A quaint distortion of nature often meets us in the midst of the most perfect harmony. In the midst of the rich tapestry of the turf, of the rounded fullness of the arbor, stretches a knotty root, a withered branch; among

the perfect roses is found all at once a withered one, which looks forth from the midst of its sisters like a distorted visage. All this Puck brings to pass. But a thoughtful mind knows how, like nature, to compensate for all these irregularities."

So ended the forest brook. The silence still continued, and only very softly rustled and whispered leaf and blossom. Then suddenly there was a crash. Creaking broke a withered branch upon the summit of an oak; it plunged downward, so that the leaves flew about, and the flowers underneath were crushed, and it fell crackling into the brook, so that its depths were disclosed, and its drops dashed high. A second and all was still again. Puck, the rogue, had done that also.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A SEWING-MACHINE.

AS RELATED BY ITSELF.

BY MRS. F. M. ROWE.

"AND so, because I am a machine, forsooth, I can not appreciate beauty, can not understand the emotions of the soul, and enter into the joys and sorrows of the human race. I tell you it is false; I, who have brought gladness into so many homes, who have lightened the widow's toil, who have made the wearied mother's heart rejoice, and have seen the face of beauty sparkling with delight at the fascination of my quickly-revolving wheel; I tell you I and my sisters have brought more joy and pleasure into the homes of this land than all the fine furniture made in the nineteenth century."

"Well, I must say," replied the old cracked mirror, who had provoked the discussion, "you have made out a good case for yourself, and as I, being of a *reflective* turn of mind, am not much given to speaking, suppose you enliven this dull evening by giving us a few incidents which have happened in the families to which you refer with so much pleasure, and I will promise to *cast no reflections* upon your remarks."

"I can tell you nothing of the history of my creation; my recollections date from the day when, with a number of my associates, I was placed in the handsome store of Wheeler & Wilson, on Fourth-street, and was exhibited and my capabilities tried a number of times before there seemed a probability of my having a purchaser. At last, however, one day a female form appeared in the door-way, dressed, I suppose, in the fashion of the last century, and in the most spiteful tone imaginable ejaculated, 'Sewing-machines? Wheeler & Wilson's?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' responded our polite salesman, 'machines of the best makers, warranted to keep in order for three years, and to do up the work of your family in less than no time,' he added with a smile.

"'Likely story,' replied Mrs. Amiable, 'I'd like to see a machine beat me a-sewin', and it takes me some time to do the work of my family, I can tell you. Now, I don't believe in them machines, because I never did take to new-fangled notions, but he, that's my husband, saw your advertisement, and he persuaded me to come and take a look at 'em.'

"Several of us were now exhibited to the wondering gaze of the lady, in regard to whose speed she was for the present silenced if not convinced. But Mrs. Brown, which I learned was the name of our would-be purchaser, was not inclined to part with her money easily, and so she concluded to 'call again' and try one of us herself. Accordingly on the following day she appeared accompanied by three dirty-faced children, all clamoring loudly to see the 'sowin'-cheens.' I, luckless instrument, was the one selected for Mrs. Brown to practice upon; and how can I describe the indignation which trembled in my frame when she attempted to sew. She was too obstinate and prejudiced to learn, and so my poor wheel was forced backward instead of forward, and my thread unmercifully pulled and tangled, till it almost brought the tears to my eye; and then, adding insult to injury, master Tom, the eldest hope, bent admiringly over my cloth-plate, to behold his smeared visage, and I received his odorous breath of mingled onions and molasses full in my face; my polished surface becoming dimmed thereby, his blackened and sticky fingers were used to rub me off. It was with no slight degree of pleasure that I at last heard Mrs. Brown declare that she 'was sure now that sewin'-machines were humbugs, and for her part she would n't waste so much thread on the plaguey things,' with which elegant remark she took her final leave. My constitution being naturally strong, a few polishes soon restored me to my original beauty, and I waited in silent anxiety to learn under whose patronage I should be ushered into the busy world.

"One bright morning not long after a delicious perfume pervaded the atmosphere near me; there was the soft flutter of woman's garments, and a silvery voice exclaimed as she sank into the chair opposite to me, 'Think I will try this one, papa, I like the case.'

"Bravely did I exert myself to do my duty, and as the work glided through her taper fingers, my plate reflected the most beautiful countenance I had ever looked upon. Imagine my joy

when I was ordered to be sent to No. —, Broadway.

"Upon arriving at my destination, and my case being opened, I took a survey of my future home; I was evidently in the family sitting-room, and all around me betokened wealth and refinement. There were children, too, a merry group of them, but as unlike the little bipeds of my former acquaintance as roses are to cabbages. The mother of the family was a sweet, lovable-looking person, with just a shade of care on her placid brow, which my presence would no doubt help to dispel; a neat-looking seamstress and my lovely purchaser were the other occupants of the room.

"'Now, Ann,' said my young friend, who was called Jennie, as she seated herself before me, 'you will have nothing to do all day but to cut and baste, and as I shall do the sewing, you can leave an hour earlier each day, and that will give poor Jimmy pleasure, won't it?' The pale face of the girl lighted up with pleasure as she replied: 'Thank you, Miss Jennie, it will indeed; he sits counting the hours till I get back every day.'

"For weeks my life flowed on in a beautiful monotony; every speck of dust removed from my frame in the morning by the tidy housemaid, guided by skillful fingers all day, and carefully closed at night, the hours fled by swiftly and pleasantly. Then a slight change seemed passing over the household; Jennie was less frequently at her post, her place being occupied by the pale seamstress. But one day, when my young mistress was busily occupied with some delicate sewing, there came a ring at the bell, which I had frequently noticed at the same hour before, and then the mystery stood revealed. Ah! Jennie, Jennie, my shining plate reflected back a tell-tale blush, the 'love light in your eye,' and even the beatings of that gentle heart were almost audible, and, machine though I was, I comprehended it all. What a busy time we had of it in the next month! I was in my glory, and though somewhat overworked, it was all a labor of love.

"'Never had a bride a neater outfit,' said one of the young companions who daily and hourly inspected the progress of the arrangements, and the credit thereof was duly divided between the pale seamstress and myself.

"'But you surely will not trust this elegant satin to the tender mercies of the sewing-machine?' asked the young lady.

"'Indeed, I shall,' was Jennie's quick reply; 'the dear old thing'—I did n't much like being called an 'old thing,' but it was Jennie who said it, and so I did n't mind—'has done all my other

sewing so nicely that it shall have the honor of making my wedding-dress too.'

"Well, it was over at last; the doors of all the rooms being thrown open, I had a peep at my beautiful Jennie and her happy groom on their wedding morn; and a few hours later, just as my young mistress was leaving, she laid her bouquet on my table, while she fastened her gloves, and then went away and forgot it. Happy was I for the next few days with those perishing mementoes near me, for in the confusion of 'setting to rights' after the wedding, I had been completely overlooked, and the sweet breath of the flowers recalled memories of that other perfume which stole upon my senses on the day in which I found my now lost mistress.

"I was somewhat startled a few weeks after this, when the family were all in the sitting-room, by hearing Jennie's mother remark to a friend: 'I have been persuaded into buying another of Wheeler & Wilson's machines to-day; they work so admirably that I had no desire to try any other patent, but I wanted a handsomer case and a few more drawers; so if you know any one who wants a machine, I'll sell this one for half price.'

"I had not time to indulge the state of indignation which trembled in my frame at these words, as my attention was attracted to Ann, the seamstress, who was occupied with me. As the above conversation fell upon her ear, she gave a quick start, and the blood mounted rapidly to her pale cheek, and I, with an intuitive perception for which I can not now account, could read those thoughts which caused such unusual emotion. 'How many extra hours could *she* work to buy that machine? how many weary stitches would it save that widowed mother who made shirts for the shops at sixty cents a dozen? how many more leisure hours would it give her to read to the invalid Jimmy stories of the patient, suffering children of God, who had gone safely to that home where God would "wipe away all tears from their eyes," and the bright drops trickled down poor Ann's cheek at the bare possibility of any thing so joyful. Henceforth I regarded myself somewhat in the light of a ministering angel; I felt that my mission had as yet only been half fulfilled. True, I had been useful and beloved in this happy home, but money could have supplied my place; hereafter a nobler destiny was mine—to make happy 'the widow and the fatherless in their affliction;' and I waited in tremulous anxiety till Ann should accomplish my payment. I suppose my mistress kindly acceded to Ann's proposal to work extra hours, for she not only did the work of the family, but many, many coarse garments brought home did

she speedily accomplish between us. Well—to make a long story short—I was at last paid for; for although Ann had often been kindly urged to do so, she would not consent to my removal till she felt that I was entirely her own; and on the day in which she finally accomplished her heart's desire, as she closed my case for the night she absolutely kissed me in the exuberance of her joy.

"A few hours before my removal on the following day, who should enter the sitting-room but my dearly-loved Jennie! saying: 'I could not resist coming to say good-by to the dear old machine, mamma; and though I don't think your new one a bit nicer or prettier than this, I am delighted that it has fallen into such good hands. How nobly Ann has worked for it! I would not for any thing have deprived her of the gratification she felt in doing it; but see, here in this little roll of paper is just the money which she has paid for the machine; I intend it for a present, and I shall put it in this drawer so that she may find it at home.'

"There was an unusual gathering in the widow's cottage that afternoon. Mrs. Jones, the next-door neighbor, the grocer's wife at the corner, and Sally Stevens, the dressmaker, were all assembled when Ann and I reached our destination; and though loud and warm were the congratulations which she received, Mrs. Jones declared that this was the first time she ever knew a sewing-machine do poor folks any good; 'I have always regarded them,' said she, 'as taking just so much bread out of poor people's mouths, and if Ann had not happened to live with very generous people, she would not have obtained the machine on such easy terms.'

"'The last part of your remark may be true,' said Ann, 'but as to its taking bread out of poor people's mouths, I think it is particularly intended to put bread into them. Here is my poor mother, who with the care of Jimmy could never earn more than a dollar a week with her needle, and that at the cost of many a head or side ache, and now, just think how many dozen vests I can stitch in a week at twenty-five cents apiece; to say nothing of the common shirts, which will be only fun to make! I do really believe,' added Ann, 'that a right industrious woman could pay for one of these machines in a year, and live off of it too; and I shall try and persuade you all to secure such a good friend to poor people.'

"One by one the neighbors took their departure, and then mother and daughter rejoiced together, and even Jimmy's easy chair was pulled up close to me, that he might try my wonderful machinery himself. At last the drawer was opened that contained my wonderful secret; and

with what a scream of delight did Ann read aloud the inscription, 'From one who appreciates a daughter's devotion.' The incense of grateful hearts went up to the 'Giver of every good and perfect gift' that night from the widow's home.

"And now, my kind friends, who have listened to the story of my life, you know all the rest, for our lot has been cast together, and you have all witnessed how, through my instrumentality, little comforts have gradually gathered around us in this humble home, and I shall feel that my time and breath have not been spent in vain, if I can bring you to acknowledge that the triumph of the nineteenth century is the *sewing-machine*."

MADELINE HASCALL'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. M. C. GARDNER.

TRELLISTON, AUGUST 10, 18—.

DEAR PAUL,—I generally am obliged to make half a score of attempts to commence a letter to you before I succeed, because so many different things come crowding down to my pen-nib at once. Epistles matrimonial are a little hard to indite, one's attention is so distracted between the disposition to pet and the inclination to Caudle lecturing. All the epistles of Paul to myself betray this peculiarity. But, in the name of wonder, why do you write so particularly about the great improvements in the Golden State? Is it to gradually develop in me a desire to behold its glories? Are you dreaming of a permanent home there, and of some time luring me thither to preside over its comforts? If you have any such thoughts in the most retired corner of your brain, just pull them out of their hiding-place, turn them out of doors without waiting for ceremony, for never was there a dream-castle so entirely founded upon nothing.

No, indeed. I forsook father and mother, according to Scripture, to cleave unto my husband; I expected to school my will and check my wayward fancies, and to exhibit a perfect model of wifely docility and conjugal fidelity, but when you *vamosed* I took upon myself no obligations to compass sea and land in search of my one proselyte.

It is a waste of ink, Paul, to describe the houses so minutely; they may be square, round, octagon, or triangular for any thing I care. I wonder you did not send a drawing of those enormous vegetables that you describe with so much enthusiasm. It must be a trial to see such overgrown, clumsy specimens of Nature's handiwork. It was a relief to lay down your letter and feast my eyes on aunt Lucy's snug little beets, neat,

round turnips, and compact, mealy Dovers. I do not want apples too big to be eaten at once. I should be ashamed to live where the heads of lettuce were so many times bigger than my own. Then those trees, the *Sequoia Gigantea*, I think you called them, with bodies thirty or forty feet in diameter; how very aggravating it must be to have such huge stumps between your eyes and a fine landscape!

My ankle is quite well, I thank you. Uncle Thaddeus will inclose a certificate to that effect in order to lessen your anxiety, though why you can't take my word for it is a mystery. I go out a great deal. In fact May and I spend nearly every morning rambling in the fields and woods. We go to fish with uncle in his boat on the river, or accompany him on horseback to the remotest corner of his parish. We are as brown and healthy as Gipsies, and Tom pretends that he can not recognize us, and that we are a pair of fugitive slaves. We are studying, too. Uncle has succeeded in awakening us to the merits of his hobby, the wonders of insect life, and I am afraid to tell you what a congregation of bugs and spiders we have collected.

We are learning housekeeping, too. You know mamma's ideas of female education. She would have us know how to manage servants well, but would be amazed at the bare thought of our performing menial labor. Now, I am determined—with your approval—that if we ever do have a home any where, it shall be free from one nuisance, one skeleton that haunts nearly every house where I am acquainted. I will have no servants to look after. They really seem to sour the whole cream of life. In society I have heard all the varieties of human woe discussed, but none of them seemed to equal, in their power to inspire bad temper and unhappy feelings, this one nuisance of servants. Not that servants are wholly to blame. The fault lies in the genteel inactivity of the mistress. God has given her hands to work with, and a physical system that requires the exercise of labor to give it muscular strength. Walking or riding without any object is not exercise that invigorates; dawdling about a fashionable dining-room, wearily looking at engravings or the dress of our neighbors, or listening to the current gossip and scandal of the day, is not healthy mental stimulus. A couple of hours at the wash-tub or molding-board would soon freshen up the poor, languid frame, and dispel the mind's ennui. I have tried it, Paul, and so you must believe it. An idle life makes us peevish and dissatisfied; we are too apt to vent our bad humors on our dependents, and they are roused by our injustice to retaliate, and so they really become the insufferable torments that our lady

friends describe. We will have no such skeleton in our house, Paul. I will be ready, if God continues my health, to make it truly a home for the wanderer on his return.

May has dismissed her "help," a great, raw, Irish girl, who ate and wasted enough to keep a large family, and she shares with me in aunt Lucy's instructions. Though Mr. Leslie's losses do not really cramp his present moderate business, he finds the diminished family expenses very gratifying. And May is so happy in her work. It does not occupy a third of her time, and she is at a loss to imagine what Bridget found to do. She has grown strong, and in place of that delicate loveliness that we all admired so much, her face is as round as the moon. She says that the dainties that she daily cooks, under aunt Lucy's supervision, only aggravate her appetite. I think she eats nearly all of the time. To me she is far more beautiful than ever before. There is a heartiness in her speech and laugh, a vigorous cheerfulness in her demeanor that is very inspiring. Tom feels the happy influence; he is a strong man with such a helper near him, and really ought to be thankful for his financial troubles. He has bought the new store that Mr. Brown built here last Autumn; so we may consider them actually settled in Trelliston. Ah, Paul, what would I not give if we too were settled for life in so sweet and charming a place!

"A pretty cottage will come next, dear May," I said to her last evening. We were sitting on the broad stone steps in front of her house. It was too warm to sit indoors, and the air seemed as dry as at noon. The Misses Poole brought out chairs for themselves, and Tom mounted a gate post, but finding no support for his back he brought out a settee, and finally deposited himself on the grass at our feet.

"A pretty cottage," he repeated, leaning back lazily to look in her face.

"Not at present," she replied. "Tom will need all his capital in his business for ever so long, sha' n't you, Tom?"

"Yes; for a few years, I suppose. I am sorry on your account, love," he added affectionately.

"You need n't be," she replied.

"I dare say we shall be able to rent some pretty place before long. That will be nearly as pleasant as owning one. Indeed, there is a fine Gothic double cottage near the store that could be rented now."

"What is the rent?" she asked eagerly. Tom saw the sudden light in her eyes, and he hesitated before replying—"two hundred dollars."

"Just four times what we pay for these chambers. I think, Tom, I think," said May slowly, "that we won't move at present. What is the

wise old proverb? 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' Besides," she added cheerily, "these rooms do very well."

"If you could have quiet possession of them," I put in as a parenthesis, for I saw how eagerly the Pooles were listening, and thought how seldom May was allowed to have her rooms clear of them.

"Hush, Maddie, please." May keeps all her annoyances from Tom's knowledge as far as possible. "For Winter weather, Tom," she went on, "our tenement will be excellent. We shall be glad to have the sunshine all day in the sitting-room when we hear the north winds whistle. I like living up stairs, too. It widens the view or lengthens it, which ever you please."

"And a pleasant outdoor prospect is not to be objected to," I persisted, "when the eyes are wearied with the view within. Mr. Leslie," said I, with some warmth, for I did not believe in May's self-sacrifice, "I am sure you will not suffer a few dollars to be put in the scale against May's happiness."

"Nay, Maddie," she interrupted me, "I will not suffer you to interfere. Look at me, Tom. Am I not strong and well? I never was so happy in my life as now. I never was of any use before. And I protest against changes that we can not afford. I declare, Madeline, you have positively wrinkled Tom's forehead with your dismal anxieties."

His face, in truth, wore a puzzled and dismayed look that I had never seen on it before. I think he had not before really appreciated the situation of his wife, who, refined in feeling and delicately bred, is either obliged to endure the coarseness and meddling of the Poole family or come to open war with them. By little and little they have encroached upon her generosity and assumed liberties, till they take as a right the privilege of using any thing in the house, and May often has to borrow her own coffee-pot of them. May bears every thing with the spirit of a martyr. In our conversations on the subject my voice was always for war, open and unrelenting war, in which no quarter was to be granted, but she always replied, "I can bear it for a while, Maddie, till Tom gets well started in business, and then we will go in peace."

Perhaps it is well for the Pooles that they have May instead of me to deal with. I can fancy you smiling, Paul, as you read this. Do you think I would patiently bear the supervision of such people?

May tried to change the subject. And a fortunate change she gave it, for it enabled me to vent a little of my accumulating wrath.

"By the way, Maddie, I saw that poor boy

leave your house this afternoon. Is his mother better?"

"No. She will not live long. She has endured privation till she is too far gone to rally. They have been without food for days together."

A half-stifled sob from Miss Nancy interrupted me, and I saw directly that the wet season was fairly setting in.

"It is the boy, Miss Nancy," I said, "that you drove from your door when he came to ask for food. He told you his mother was starving and you called him a liar. He was sent to you for relief by one who had heard of your wonderful sympathy with suffering. Young lawyer Burton sent him to you, promising him relief if he was unsuccessful here. You know the lawyer, Miss Nancy, of course—the handsome widower, who needs a loving and sympathizing mother for the motherless boy that you pet so prettily as he goes by to school. Well, his father sent the poor beggar to you, and he told you that his mother was sick and friendless, and you turned him out of the yard as if he had been a dog. Do you recollect the little fellow?"

She did not answer, but every individual Poole got up and walked into the house. May was half frightened, but I never saw any one laugh as Tom did. He could not stop laughing. To get him away from the house and out of the hearing of my fair foes, May proposed a walk. O Paul, I never miss you so much as when we are out walking and stop in some favorite nook to enjoy the view and a quiet chat together. There are so many beauties that I long to show you in these constantly-varying landscapes. You write of heart-sickness and home-longings, but I fear that the aching void of which you complain is one that only gold can fill. Poor Joe Selby, whose unfortunate passion for gambling you will remember, has acted the last scene in his life's drama. By some fortunate speculation he became very rich, and in less than twenty-four hours lost all he had at the gambling table, even staking and losing the pretty cottage and furniture that belonged to his wife, and that he had always firmly refused to risk before. But the sudden changes in his fortune made him desperate, and as a finale to his miserable story he hung himself in a grove near the city, where he was found dead early the next morning. I hear that poor Mrs. Selby is quite insane.

As an offset to this sad account I must tell you something about an old acquaintance of yours here. Do you remember Pat Flynn? Uncle tells me that he was your favorite companion when, gun in hand, you startled the squirrels in the wood, or when you patiently, though unavailingly, waited on the river bank for a pull at

the line you sported. Did you really never catch any thing, or is uncle teasing me?

Pat, being as sober and honest as the average of his nation, is often employed by uncle Thaddeus. Latterly, since my horse was sent out, he has had the care of the stable, and I have often stopped to speak to him when I have visited my pretty gray pony. At my suggestion Mr. Leslie has provided a saddle horse for May, but not without strong objections on her part to the expense. It is a glossy black mare, and occupies a stall in uncle's stable, and is under Pat's charge. We had planned a long ride for Tuesday morning, and to get back before the heat became uncomfortable, we had ordered the horses to be ready at five o'clock. But for the first time Pat disappointed us. Uncle was rather unwell and not at all inclined to turn hostler; so after waddling in our riding-dresses to the stable and satisfying ourselves by experiment that we were unequal to the task of currying or saddling, we gave the impatient animals a breakfast of dry hay and gave up the excursion till a more favorable occasion.

It was nearly noon when Pat appeared. You never saw such a thoroughly shame-faced fellow. He could not look even the neglected horses in the face. At first we could get no account of his absence that was satisfactory, not till uncle gave him his choice either to explain his behavior or to give up his service altogether.

"Och, musha! There were niver a properer lad in all Belfast than meself. Indade, yer honor, ye should have heard Katrine, me own aunt, bating she were but an acquaintance, compare but the light o' me countenance there wi' the swate howly look o' the big picture o' St. John fernenst the big altar."

"What makes you so late, Pat?"

"Troth, an' ye may well ask that same. Ochone! whativer shall I say to the likes o' yees? The pride o' the ould counthree was I, yer honor, an' ye nade proof ye have but to inquire on the spot. Jist the chafe gloory o' the nation. Arrah! had ye asked all over the green land for the bouldest, the thurst, the last to begin a fight an' the first to ind the same, an' its Patric Flynn at yer service, would have bowed to yer honor."

"Pat," said uncle seriously, "will you tell me how you happened to be so late this morning? Your fame at home is not the question we are considering. I want to know why you have neglected the horses. Tell the truth, man. It is the safest way always."

"Faith! an't it though! An' the asiest besides. The illigant way intirely! There is Dermot O'Donovan, foriver and iver a lyin'; an' whativer does it advantage the mane-sowed baste? The

matther o' twinty lies afore breakfast is small loss to the likes o' him. There is Bridget M'Farlane, yer honor. Often and again has my Nora warned her, but it's like bridling the swine, shure. There's the ould uncle Dillon, by the aidge o' the river"—

"There, there, that will do. Shall I discharge you on the spot, Pat, or will you tell me why you are so late?"

My uncle's stern voice discouraged all farther equivocation, but Pat really looked too ashamed to reply.

"Shall I seek a new hostler, Pat?"

"Murther! No, indade. Yer heart is not frae to that same an' this the first offence besides being the last. Sorra a bit o' work would I get. I will tell ye the thruth, masther, willingly, more betoken, I can't help meself if ye command it. There was niver a sowl to blame at all. It were a botherin' huge mistake altogether."

"What was a mistake?"

"Why, the lace caps, to be shure. Bad luck to the ould rigimintals! If ye must jist know the whole matther, I was out for a bit o' spree wi' Jemmy Calhoun adown by the bend where Biddy Tale kapes a thrifle o' sugar and tay to sell. There's no harm done where there's no hurt, but whin I cooms home late at night I could mind that the screws in me head were a bit loose and all sorts o' quare crathers as niver were and niver could be, was dancing about the road for coompany. When I reached home, what wi' the night braazes an' what wi' the exercise, me head got clarer and me sthray wits began to coom home to roost. So I says to meself, 'Pat, it's yer own wife, mind, who owes ye a sittlement now. Ye may look out for a taste o' the broomstick and a sup o' the shovel and tongs, an' she catches ye this gate. It's fair drunk ye are, lad, more shame to ye, an' yer sinses are scattered to the four hivens. Ye'll find no a lamb in yer nist the night. Faith, an' I pities ye, Pat,' says I, sittin' down on the door-steps to meditate. 'She's aslape, poor ould Nora!' says I again. 'Aslape, barrin' she's not awake, an' the window is low an' asy if the door be fast. The good St. Catherine watch o'er her slumbers and dapen and stringthen the same! Slape on, mavourneen,' says I, wi' the tears in me eyes, 'an' may ye niver ixperience the thrials o' yer poor unfortunate husband. If yer honor will mind I was too hoon-gry to be contint, or I would have finished me night in the open air, but ye had been bothered yeself to rist asy wi' the swate odor of pork an' of cabbage staling past yer nose from the open window. No rose in the worruld has sich a smell. It near drove me distracted, so I made up me mind to thry the taste o' the same. I

crapt in so soft it might have been a mouse. Thin I rummaged about here and ivery-where, niver upsetting an' echo, into this dish and out o' the ither. Sorra a pratie or a bit o' pork could I find, but a whole bowl full o' the illigant vegetable was hid under a pan in the corner o' the closet. I was not ower savin' o' the pepper-sauce, you'll belave, though it be none o' the wakest. Howly Mary! did n't it start the tears, though! An' the cabbage was that tough and onsatisfying, that had I not a grudge agin Nora for hiding the pork I would niver have thried the next mouthful; but jist to vex her I swallowed the whole like a grady pig. An' jist as the last ind was reached I heerd Nora callin' over the staars, 'Stop swearin' and groanin', ould man,' says she, 'or I'll be afther yees. Whativer ails ye? Kape quiet.'"

"Well," said uncle, for here Pat came to a decided pause. "What else? The cabbage need not have kept you at home all the morning."

"No more it did n't. It was n't the cabbage at all, an' ye plaze, but a bowl full o' hiritic lace caps that Nora—hiven rist her sowl, and as soon as convanient—was gettin' up for ould Mrs. Pattee up on High-street. She were soakin' out the starch, ye persave. Arrah! the big scolding that I have been thrated to the day! Ye'll not be overhard on me. Ye'll considher an' it were yerself wi' yer stoomach full o' lace giblets. I've been over to see Dr. Haughton, sir."

"And what did he say to you?"

"He bade me take courage. He said it might be a wake's time or a matther o' tin days before I were intirely relaved, an' that anither spree would be death shure, afther this sthrain o' me digestion."

"Well, Pat," said uncle, at last joining in the laugh that I had all along indulged in, "I will pass over your neglect this time, but I advise you to remember the doctor's warning."

Are my letters long enough to suit you, Paul? Because I can fill any number of sheets with this light gossip, and you can order epistles in any quantity provided you pay in kind. To refresh myself after all this prosing I am off now for a canter on "gray Rosa" over the hills. Good morning to you.

MADELINE.

WAR.

WAR is honorable

In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak:
But is in those who draw th' offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHITEFIELD IN MARYLAND.

BY DAVID CREAMER.

NUMBER II.

He preaches at North East—Joppa—Visits Baltimore—Preaches at Annapolis—Rev. James Sterling—Poem by Charles Wesley—Preaches at Upper Marlborough—Crosses the Potomac—Treatment in Maryland—Letter to the inhabitants of Maryland, etc.

WHITEFIELD arrived at Philadelphia the first time, November 2, 1739, and on the 29th of the same month he set out on horseback, in company with his wealthy and devoted friend, William Seward, and a few others, for Georgia, being escorted by many persons on horses, and followed by a multitude on foot as far as Chester. He passed through Wilmington, Newcastle, Christiana Bridge, and Whitely Creek, at all of which places he preached to large audiences. At the last-named place he says there were upward of ten thousand people. But he was doubtless mistaken in the number; the weather was rainy, and he preached under a tent.

Monday, December 3d, he came to the village of North East, Cecil county, *Maryland*, where he had an appointment to preach. Little notice having been given, there "were not above fifteen hundred people," but the presence of God was with him, and many were deeply affected. He had invitations to preach in other places, but he and his company went forward immediately, crossed the "Susquehanna Ferry, about a mile broad, and were received at a gentleman's house that lay in the way." Though eight in number, the whole were generously entertained, together with some friends whom the gentleman had invited to help to drive away melancholy. The "bottle and the bowl" were the means he intended to use for this purpose, but, says Whitefield, "blessed be God, the design was in a good measure prevented by our coming in and giving another turn to the conversation. All joined in family prayer; afterward I went to bed, pitying the miserable condition of those who live a life of luxury and self-indulgence."

At eight o'clock next morning, after parting with two weeping friends who had accompanied him thus far, he and his remaining friends renewed their journey. After traveling about fifteen miles they "baited at Joppa, a little town," but then the seat of justice for Baltimore county, where Whitefield says he "gave a word of exhortation to about forty people in the church. Do thou," he exclaims, "most adorable Head of the Church, give it thy blessing!" It does not appear that there had been any public notice of his coming, hence doubtless the smallness of his congregation. But we have thought neverthe-

less that he was discouraged, as we have never read that he visited the place again.

Joppa, like the towns of St. Mary's, in Maryland, and Jamestown, in Virginia, no longer has an existence, and is known only in history and tradition. It was situated in what is now known as Hartford county, on the east side of the Gunpowder River, a few miles above its junction with the Chesapeake Bay, and near the site of the present Philadelphia railroad bridge. Joppa was formerly known as Taylor's Choice; it was a port for the shipment of tobacco and other produce, and was made a town in 1707. "The town where the old court-house was," says Griffith, "being discontinued, a new court-house is directed to be built there. Queen Anne rejecting the latter acts . . . with others approved by Lord Baltimore before William and Mary assumed the government of the province for the Crown in 1689, it became necessary to confirm rights acquired under them; which was done as to the court-house in 1712," a supplementary act having been passed and approved by the Queen. From Herty's Digest of the Laws of Maryland, we learn that, in 1724, the court-house and prison at Joppa "were secured to the county," and that in 1749 there was "a county levy for repairing and finishing the court-house." In 1768 the seat of justice was removed to Baltimore, and the court-house and jail were sold; the old Episcopal church in which Whitefield preached was consumed by fire, and soon the glory of Joppa was departed. But one solitary house now marks the spot where it stood, the last memorial of its ancient importance and renown.

The next entry in Whitefield's journal is, in part, as follows: "Wednesday, December 5. Lay last night at *Newtown*, fifteen miles from Joppa; ate of what was set before us; joined in family prayer; and as opportunity offered, put in a word for God. In the morning we sung and prayed; at noon we baited at a house lying about fifteen miles off, and at four in the afternoon reached Annapolis."

That the place here called "Newtown," was no other than *Baltimore-town*, there can be no doubt, but the error has evidently been a blind to historians and others unacquainted with the localities, who have attempted to trace Whitefield's course through Baltimore county and Maryland. But why omit to insert the real name of the place in his itinerary? To this question, which is fraught with interests to us, we can not give a direct, nor perhaps a satisfactory answer. It is true, however, that Baltimore then was a *new town*, for it was only ten years old, having been laid out under an act of the Colonial Legislature in 1729, and contained, accord-

ing to Dr. Backus, "not more than twenty or thirty houses." It may, therefore, have been a mere oversight or inadvertence; the very insignificance of the place may have induced him to call it simply a "new town," which the printer mistaking for its proper name, printed accordingly. This explanation is at least plausible if not probable, and would be satisfactory to the writer himself were it not for the further fact, that "Baltimore"—so far as we have been able to find—is not once mentioned throughout the whole of Whitefield's works, journals, or letters, of which there are eight or ten volumes. This will appear the more singular, when it is remembered that he lived nearly thirty-one years after this tour, and frequently visited Maryland, yet it is not certainly known that he ever again entered Baltimore-town or county, although at the time of his death, in 1770, the town must have had a population of several thousand, and been a place of some importance. Griffith says that, in 1782, the town was computed to contain about eight thousand inhabitants. With these remarks we dismiss the subject for the present, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusion.

At Annapolis Whitefield called upon the Governor, "and was received with much civility." The minister of the English Church also treated him very handsomely. This was the Rev. James Sterling, who not only at once offered Mr. Whitefield the use of his pulpit, his house, or any thing else with which he could supply him, but introduced him and his companions to a number of friends at a gentleman's house, where they "had some useful conversation." Their "discourse ran chiefly on the new birth, and the folly and sinfulness of those amusements whereby the polite part of the world are so fatally diverted from the pursuit of this one thing needful." Some of the company thought him too strict, and strongly defended what they termed "innocent diversions." But he denounced these things, as well as cards, dancing, the bottle, hounds, drunkenness, and debauchery, and showed "the necessity of a thorough change of heart, and of doing all things with a single eye to the glory of God.

The next day Whitefield preached twice to small but "polite auditories." In order to attend the morning service the Governor adjourned "his court," and "at noon," by invitation, Whitefield and his friends dined with his Excellency, and "were treated very humanely." In the evening "two of the head inhabitants favored" him with a visit, and at night four persons came to join in family prayer, to whom he "gave a short exhortation."

In a letter written the day after leaving Annapolis, Whitefield says, "The minister was under

convictions—he wept twice, and earnestly begged my prayers." This, as we have said, was the Rev. Mr. Sterling. From Allen's "Historical Notices of St. Ann's Parish" we learn that Mr. Sterling was the eighth incumbent of the parish, that he had only been inducted three months when Whitefield made his visit, and that he, the following year, accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's, Kent county, where he remained till his death, in 1763. His obituary, quoted by Mr. Allen, says he long endured with the utmost patience the most excruciating pain. "By his death the province of Maryland has lost a great and good man. . . . His uncommon abilities and extensive learning, in all the branches of polite literature, stand unrivaled in this part of the world. He was active and zealous in discharging the duties of his function, and greatly admired as a noble, elegant, and pathetic preacher."

"At Annapolis," says Whitefield in the letter before quoted, "I preached twice, and spoke home to some ladies concerning the vanity of their false politeness. But, alas! they are wedded to their *quadrille* and *ombre*." And in his journal he inserts a poem by his "friend, Mr. Charles Wesley," which "well describes the misery of a modern fine lady." As this poem has probably never been reprinted in America, and legitimately belongs to this narrative, the reader will doubtless be gratified to see it entire, as exhibiting the poet of Methodism in a new species of composition.

"She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth."—
1 TIMOTHY V, 6.

"How hapless is th' applauded virgin's lot,
Her God forgetting, by her God forgot!
Stranger to truth, unknowing to obey,
In error nurs'd, and disciplined to stray;
Swol'n with self-will, and principled with pride,
Sense all her good, and passion all her guide:
Pleasure its tide, and flattery lends its breath,
And smoothly waft her to eternal death!
A goddess here, she sees her votaries meet,
Crowd to her shrine, and tremble at her feet;
She hears their vows, believes their life and death
Hang on the wrath and mercy of her breath;
Supreme in fancied state she reigns her hour,
And glories in her plenitude of power.
Herself the only object worth her care,
Since all the kneeling world was made for her.
For her creation all its stores displays;
The silkworm's labor, and the diamond's blaze;
Air, earth, and sea conspire to tempt her taste,
And ransack'd nature furnishes the feast.
Life's gaudiest pride attracts her willing eyes,
And balls and theaters, and courts arise:
Italian songsters pant her ear to please,
Bid the first cries of infant reason cease,
Save her from thought, and lull her soul to peace.
Deep sunk in sense th' imprisoned soul remains,
Nor knows its fall from God, nor feels its chains:

Unconscious still, sleeps on in error's night,
Nor strives to rise, nor struggles into light:
Heaven-born in vain, degenerate cleaves to earth,
No pangs experienced of the second birth,
She only fallen, yet unawakened found,
While all th' inthrall'd creation groans around."

Whitefield and his companions left Annapolis on Saturday morning, and "baited at Upper Marlborough," the seat of justice for Prince George's county. He intended "to go farther; but being desired by some gentlemen to stay and preach on the morrow," he complied, "and spent the remainder of the day in sweet conversation" and in writing letters "to some under convictions at Philadelphia." He supped with a gentleman "who kindly entertained both him and his fellow-travelers," and their "talk ran upon the fall of man." Sunday he preached to "a small, polite, and, seemingly, very curious audience," dined with the gentleman with whom he supped, parted with a dear friend who came from Philadelphia, then—"there being no sermon in the afternoon"—took horse and "went a Sabbath-day's journey as far as Piscataway," in the same county; "wrote some letters to our English friends; conversed to the use of edifying, and felt an uncommon freedom and sweetness in our hearts."

Leaving the questions in morals which might arise as to the propriety or lawfulness of writing letters and traveling on the Sabbath, to the discussion of those whose calling makes it their peculiar vocation, we will accompany Whitefield and his companions to their next and last stopping-place in Maryland.

Being "sweetly refreshed by last night's rest," on Monday morning, after writing another letter to England, he resumed his tour; "baited at Portobacco, and reached Potomock by three in the afternoon. Potomock," says Whitefield, "is a river which parts the two provinces, Maryland and Virginia. It is six miles broad. We attempted to go over it; but after we had rowed about a mile, the wind blew so violently, and night was coming on so fast, that we were obliged to go back and lie at the person's house that kept the ferry, where they brought out such things as they had. Here God was pleased to humble my soul by inward trials. I retired as soon as possible, and bewailed the wretchedness of my fallen nature." The next morning he had a short and delightful passage over the river, and during the day he observed the country in Virginia "to be much more open, and the roads better than in Maryland"—a comparison which will not hold good at the present day.

Thus ends the narrative of Whitefield's first journey through the province of Maryland. We

have but few observations to make in addition to those which are already recorded. That his reception and success generally were not such as had attended his presence and preaching in Pennsylvania, Delaware, New York, and "the Jerseys," is very evident; but his treatment at Annapolis, the capital of the province, by the Governor, the minister, and the "head inhabitants" of the place, was such as to leave no room for complaint, even by one so fond of the patronage of the great as Whitefield. The same may be said of the courtesies paid to him at Upper Marlborough, where and at Annapolis he continued to visit on his occasional tours into Maryland. There, in subsequent years, his success in various parts of the province was very great, if not equal to what attended his extraordinary ministrations in the North and East.

As in the cases of Asbury and Dr. Coke—in after years—the good effects of Whitefield's preaching, and his personal popularity and influence in Maryland and the other Southern States, were lessened if not in some places entirely destroyed, by the publication, which took place immediately after the present tour, of his "Letter to the Inhabitants of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina." In this address he brings the gravest charges against the owners of slaves for their cruelty, and purposely keeping their negroes ignorant of Christianity. His worst charges were not grounded upon his own personal observation, but on the information of "an eye-witness." He did not, however, condemn the institution of slavery; for, if not already, he soon became a slave-owner himself, and so lived and died, constantly increasing during his life the number of his slaves, which by his direction was still further enlarged after his death, by "the elect" Lady Huntingdon. But he pleaded earnestly with masters to treat their servants humanely, and have them instructed intellectually and religiously, even as they would their own children. He totally discarded the doctrine that intelligence and religion made them worse servants. He says, "I challenge the world to produce a single instance of a negro's being made a thorough Christian, and thereby made a worse servant: it can not be. But further, if teaching slaves Christianity has such a bad influence upon their lives, why are you generally desirous of having your children taught? Think you they are any better by nature than the poor negroes? No, in no wise." He thinks the past bad usage of the slaves may have a good influence in making them more willing to receive the Gospel when offered to them. But we have already exceeded our limits, and for the present must stop.

WOMEN WHO REMAIN UNMARRIED.

BY ONE OF THEM.

THE "Christian Pastor" who, a few months ago, so gallantly took up the world's gauntlet in our favor, has, nevertheless, followed the world in an opinion which, to "one of us" at least, appears an erroneous one. He assumes that our condition, though not generally a fault, is very generally a misfortune.

The question depends wholly upon the standard by which we measure life. Compared with the *ideal* of the conjugal state—that high ideal which governs the imagination of our home-loving age—the solitary life is certainly either a misfortune or an error; compared with the reality, as experience every-where reveals it, it is as certainly neither the one nor the other.

The woman who leaves the shelter of her childhood before it has cast her out for the sanctuary of her husband's home—whose work it is to fill that home, as the years go on, with cheerfulness, order, refinement, beauty, and piety, with the society of congenial friends and the dear loveliness of childhood—who reigns by her own hearthstone, and at her own household board, and in her own drawing-room, sovereign of the heart though vassal of the will—who, safely housed under the protection of manly strength, and working or enduring in the bright firelight of manly love, goes out into the colder world, as the ministering spirits go out of heaven—she only of all her sex realizes the highest destiny to which woman may attain. There are such lives—the world owes them all its brightest sunshine—let us thank God that they exist. But such lives are like diamonds among the Brazilian sands—as precious indeed, but as rare. The women who sell themselves—in the higher classes for a fortune or a name, in the middle ranks for a "home," and in the lower for daily bread; the women who struggle all their lives under a double burden of poverty and disease which crushes out all of life except the animal existence, and would crush that in any thing but a woman; the women who love truly but who find their love despised or betrayed, and the many women whose lot it is "to make idols and to find them clay"—these form the rank and file of the married; and among such destinies as theirs the maiden life ranks not the lowest by far.

There is one fact which is the best and greatest fact of our life, if not of all lives—we *have work to do*. Side by side with the work of the wife and mother—every-where mingling with that work and necessary to it, lie tracts of womanly duty for which no class among Christ's colaborers

are as fully equipped as we. In the course of an experience by no means peculiarly extensive, I have known more than one woman of the fairest earthly prospects, who, in the very June of womanhood, has consecrated her life and fortune to the work of God among the destitute, the neglected, and the depraved. Such harvests are only too plenteous, and such laborers only too few. The fields of pauperism and crime need them by hundreds and thousands.

In almost every department of educational enterprise, and especially in that responsible department which assumes the training of early womanhood, there is no want more real than that of women to whom teaching is a life-long profession. Women are needed who, inspired by an enthusiasm half of the heart and half of the intellect, will devote to the interests of this vocation the full power of a strong will, a loving heart, a mind of the highest culture, and a piety of the highest tone—all drilled to the utmost efficiency by years of special discipline. Above all, women are wanted who possess that power which can generally be attained only by experience—the power of practically ignoring all side aims, and working steadily forward toward the one great end. There is no fanaticism in saying that the great end in this work, as in some others, is not the gain of material good, nor even the accumulation of mental power, but that general advancing of all heavenly interests—that propagation of all holy and noble character which the fine old language of the Churches so aptly calls "the cause of Christ." What is the moral rank of a life devoted to such an end as this?

I will not dwell on the manifold services of the peculiarly gifted, whose names illustrate the annals of literature, of the arts, and even of science, because, though a very large proportion of their number have lived maiden lives, I see little in such a life peculiarly appropriate to such a work. Nor will I do more than allude to those saintly maidens—the Cynthia Farrars and Fidelia Fisks of our missionary stations, who, wherever the servants of the Churches have gone, are laboring with them in the Gospel.

The great fact, after all, is this—that in all the more commonplace modes of usefulness, in what I may be permitted to call the unclassified duties of woman, we have, many of us, a place as important as that of any matron. How many motherless children are rising up to bless the name of some gentle aunt—the friend and directress of their forming years! How many an invalid mother, reposing in her well-ordered home, among her well-trained and happy little ones, would name the beloved sister to whose care she owes it all, among the very dearest treasures of

her saddened life! We have bright places by many a fireside, if we are true to ourselves. The little ones must come to us for the first lessons and stories—the eyes of the sick brighten with new hope when we bend over the weary pillow—the boys will surrender their cards, and pistols, and novels to our hands when no one else may claim them; and the young girls love us all the more because we are old enough to give them wise little lectures, and indite mysterious correspondence, and help them out of their small troubles.

I have been writing a mere series of truisms. Not one sentiment probably would challenge a moment's doubt or hesitation in any mind. Why is it, then, that in the common idea we rank as paupers, and not shareholders in the world's activity? Why is it that in the social edifice our popularly-assigned place is neither the kitchen, the parlor, nor the library, but rather the garret; and that the name of "old maid" suggests an association so like the idea of a discarded household pet, whining at the door in the cold?

The truth is, our independent century sometimes accepts a legacy from its remote ancestors. This idea is one. It has come down to us from some period far back in the darkness of pagan animism. It has lived through all that mediæval time when even a clouded Christianity gave light enough to reveal Christianity's great truth, that woman has a spiritual mission and her life a spiritual meaning higher than any other, and when, through many barbarous ages, that truth stood boldly out in the expressive though mistaken symbol of a consecrated sisterhood. It has lived through the reign of chivalry, with its beautiful doctrine that weakness is always sacred. It has come down to us, and finding here an age where Power is god, and Weakness is sacred only under the sheltering shadow of Power, it has struck root in the congenial soil, and, like the old seeds buried with the Egyptian mummy, has started into life again. The vitality of ideas is strange indeed.

A share in the world's work is one necessity of our life—a share in the world's mental wealth is another. It matters comparatively little how large that share may be. Any woman to whom one truth, one form of beauty, or one human interest is a personal possession and a soul-governing influence, has a richer mind than the self-conscious and self-seeking *blue*, who may quote Horace and Sophocles, Petrarch and Schiller in their native tongues. We have few resources usually—we need to choose the cheapest forms of enjoyment; and it happens rather opportunely that in doing this, we at the same time choose the highest, the purest, and the best. It costs

much to engage in the competition for position and display which wastes so fearfully the energies of American women; but a life-long companionship with the best minds of all ages may literally be had for a wish. You must be rich to adorn your veranda-columns with the sculptured acanthus, but the far more perfect beauty of a living rose, or wistaria, or woodbine costs nothing at all. To the large number in our class, who, possessing all the craving tastes and the mimosa-like sensibilities of a true womanly nature, are yet poor and self-dependent as well as solitary, this high economy of desire and ambition is of the very first importance. If I could offer to my friend, at the outset of such a life, one counsel, and only one, I would say—Give up, once for all, the hope of making the life immediately around you answer to the needs of the life within. That hope—the instinctive ambition of every true woman, as well as of every true poet—will probably never be realized in your case till "this mortal shall put on immortality." Give it up for the present. If duty call you to some scene of rude, commonplace, un congenial associations, go there, and work there earnestly and cheerfully; but do not *live* there. Let your *real* life sweep outward in wider and yet wider circles till it embraces, somewhere, far or near, all that your soul craves. Lay hold of every thing within your reach, of great, or beautiful, or holy, and make it your own. Learn, for instance, to watch the drama of the world's progress with the personal interest of a Christian philanthropist; to revel in the wonders of science, interpreting nature, or of history interpreting Providence as a child revels in a fairy story; to exult in the manifested power of the human mind with the noble luxury of unselfish pride, and to exult in the manifested power of the Divine as a proud and happy daughter delights in her father's fame. And so, while your apparent life is all gray or black, and the world looks on with gracious pity, if it chance to look on at all, your real life lies amid landscapes of rich truth and vivid beauty, with sweet human sympathies filling the sunshine with music, and a heaven of purity and brightness infolding and irradiating the whole. But for all the ambitions that center in your outer life—for all hope of transferring to that the richness and the beauty, the melody and the glory of the world within—wait for the future; wait and trust.

I have used the conventional phrase, "a solitary life." It is not a very correct, certainly not a *definitive* form of expression. Whether a life shall be solitary or not, depends upon something very different from its mechanical relations with other lives. The heart will find its own, if God wills it so, and it will cling to its own with

whatever of tenacity and of delicacy may be in its tendrils. It is a mistake to suppose that Platonic affections are naturally meager and dull. The sunlight can make diamonds of water-drops, and woman's power of loving can fill the commonest relations with the splendor of its infinite devotion and unconquerable faith.

I know one woman whom the world calls lonely. Years ago, while life was rich with hopes, and purposes, and activities, a slow and hopeless malady dragged her away from them all. She lives on like one entombed alive. The friends of her younger and better years have forgotten that she exists. Poverty, against which hand and will can struggle no longer, and weakness, which palsies even thought and feeling, have barred her out alike from the resources of the world without and the world within. But she is not lonely. For Fate has left her, and will leave her forever one possession dearer than all, that sickness, or reverses, or time, or death can ever destroy. She has a *friend*. And year after year that friend has lived for her only, laboring and enduring through difficulties and sufferings which would have worn out long ago any heroism but that of womanly love. They are called sisters, but the relation between them is one which has no name out of heaven. Always apart, because the hard necessities of their destiny keep them so, and each appearing to the strangers around her a mere waif in the world, they are yet *one*—in a union as strong and holy as any ever sealed at the altar.

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures
and is constant;
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,"

you may often find the very strongest grounds of your faith in the relations of women with women.

Inviting spheres of usefulness, unrestricted mental enjoyments, and the play of the purest affections—surely these are enough to make up for us a satisfying happiness. At first, indeed, we demand more. But when the illusions of our earlier years have faded a little, and God has taught us by some stern lessons that happiness is, after all, only a secondary thing, then we find new objects to be sought and won, as satisfying in their way as the gayer dreams of our youth. And then comes one of the decisive questions of our lives. Shall we enter upon this new field with the vigor of hope and enthusiasm? shall we labor cheerfully, and, therefore, successfully, to secure its chances and reduce its possibilities to glorious facts? or shall we drag wearily through these rich years, looking back to the

time of rainbow hopes, as if in losing them we had lost all? It depends upon ourselves. Perhaps there is no one thing which avails more to make our life a profitless waste than the habit of considering it so. We are grateful to the very few who, like our friend, point out to the world with indignant protest the injustice of the position conventionally assigned us; but as regards ourselves, the more lightly we hold that injustice the better. The evils of our lot are of that very large class of evils against which the heroism which endures avails less than the heroism which acts.

After all, however, we have evils to encounter which can not be ignored—I mean those of us whom poverty or friendlessness leaves exposed to those evils. It is not an easy thing to spend one's life under a social ban, too unsubstantial to be assailed, and too arbitrary to be reasoned down. It is not easy to feel the jar of collision with the world daily harshened and the desolation of homelessness imbittered by such a cause. But it is very easy, in a proud and sensitive nature, enduring the ordeal year after year in silence and helplessness, for the heart to grow hard and the temper sour. Ah, what an expressive word! All the flavor, all the sparkle, all the delicate aroma of life's early vintage settling into vinegar as time rolls on! But this danger must be resisted. It can not be tampered with at all. The soul must not be blasted and blackened by human injustice—the heart must not grow withered and sapless, and unfit for heaven. Whatever it costs, we must answer all selfishness, and injustice, and wanton cruelty even with untiring Christian love. It is a difficult task. I believe it can only be done by clinging to that dear old principle which has served the purpose of martyrs, saints, and philanthropists so well—by loving the world, as God does, *for the sake of Christ*. We can do all things if we can only do this. For we can certainly afford to forget our own small injuries where the interests of his cause are at stake; we can certainly afford to love, with inexhaustible compassion and forgiveness, the race for whom he has died.

WHEREVER I find truth I will appropriate it, for it is an estray from God's Word, and belongs to me and to all. Eminent masters, parties, and sects claim truth as theirs, because they have most fully expounded it; but men never make truths; they only recognize the value of this currency of God. They find truths as men sometimes find bills, in the street, and only recognize the value of that which other parties have drawn.

SIX MONTHS IN THE KITCHEN.

BY CARRIE CARROL.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"WHY, girls, how animated you are!" said Mrs. Mason as she entered the room where her daughter Mabel was eagerly conversing with her friend Kate Clifford.

"O, mamma," said Mabel, speaking very rapidly, "Kate's aunt Jane has been trying to get her father to say she shall not attend the picnic to-morrow. Is n't she mean to interfere so?"

Mrs. Mason smiled at the bright young face upraised to hers, and turned to Kate. "Why does she not wish you to go, my dear?"

Kate blushed. "Why, you know, Mrs. Mason, I always give up when I get into difficulty—I never had any perseverance—so I have a great many pieces of unfinished work in one of my drawers, and unluckily aunt Jane found them and came in to give me a regular lecture, just as I was talking to papa about the picnic. It does provoke me so to have her come to our house, and go to my closets and drawers just as if she had a right there, and I have always tried to keep that one drawer, at least, locked, but she found her way in at last."

"I would n't permit it," interrupted Mabel. "I would just let her know, once for all, that she should *not* meddle with my things, and then if she did not stop, I would keep my own rooms locked."

"I know you would," said Kate; "but unfortunately, though I have enough temper, I have no resolution. I storm and scold for a little while, and then cry and give up, and aunt Jane keeps so provokingly cool, and knits and sews so industriously, while she is reading me those awful lectures, that I have no heart left."

"But what about this picnic?" said Mrs. Mason.

"Why, as I was saying, she found all these unfinished pieces of fancy work—and they were not in very good order either, for something had happened to every one of them before I left it—and she brought her apron full in where papa and I were, and said I should not be allowed to go any place till they were all completed. Then she began one of her regular sermons, but when she had quoted, 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,' for about the fifth time, I left. I would n't have cared for all she said, but papa sighed, and that made me feel so dreadfully."

"Did he say you should not go?"

"O, no, I knew he would not do that; but he looked troubled, and tried to apologize for me by telling her to remember that I am only eighteen,

and that I have been motherless most of my life. You would not believe what a tender and yet what an anxious look he gave me as I flounced out of the room."

"I am afraid I shall have to read you some lectures as well as aunt Jane," said Mrs. Mason, smoothing the soft, dark hair away from the girl's white forehead.

"I wish you would, I *do* wish you would," repeated Kate, earnestly; "I know I need them, but aunt Jane's only make me angry."

"May be you would not like mamma's lectures as well as you think for," said Mabel, laughing. "She gives me a good many about being so unyielding and resolute."

"I should not have to reprove Kate on that ground," answered Mrs. Mason, "for she is yielding enough; too much so, in fact, but she does not yield gracefully, nor in a way to make friends."

"But," pleaded Kate, "how can I yield gracefully, when I never do it of my own accord, but only because I can not help myself?"

"For my part," said Mabel, determinedly, "I am resolved never to yield my wishes unless there is some good reason for my doing so; I won't be treated like a baby."

"It should be reason enough," said her mother, "to induce you to give up any plan, that the pursuance of it will give pain to another, unless indeed it involves a question of right and wrong; then you should be firm, and this is what I wish to impress on Kate."

"Well, if they would tell me why it gave them pain, and I thought the cause a sufficient one, I presume I could yield," said Mabel, "but not otherwise."

Mrs. Mason sighed. "Well, girls," said she, rising, "I can not stay with you any longer now; so, Kate, I will defer the rest of my lecture till another time."

"I shall expect it," said Kate, as the gentle matron left the room.

The foregoing conversation has been repeated, because in it Kate Clifford unconsciously revealed much of her natural and acquired disposition. Gifted with extraordinary beauty, gay, frolicsome, and light-hearted, yet impetuous, quick-tempered, and impulsive, she had been petted and indulged by her father, till she could scarcely endure any restraint, and never thought of pursuing any object longer than it afforded her excitement, or till something more novel attracted her fickle fancy; hence the drawer of unfinished pieces of work. When her grandfather died, she was sixteen, and her father proposed to dismiss his housekeeper, and invite his thrifty sister Jane to take charge of his establishment, and, as he said, "advise Kate." That young lady, however,

declaring that she should be utterly miserable if aunt Jane came to live with them, he refrained from giving the invitation, and Miss Jane Clifford remained in her pleasant country-house, which was situated a few miles from Philadelphia. Old Mr. Clifford dearly loved his home, and would never be persuaded by his son to leave it for one in the city, but after his death, his daughter would gladly have gone to reside with her brother, whose inattentive housekeeper provoked her beyond measure, had not his silence on the subject—a silence for which she was at no loss to account—precluded the idea. As it was, she frequently comforted herself by coming in to visit her brother and scold her niece. Mr. Clifford soon saw that Kate was right when she said her aunt's constant presence would make her miserable; but wishing to show his sister that his love for her remained unaltered, he refused to take any part of his father's estate, alleging that he had an ample fortune of his own! So Miss Jane found herself possessed of her handsome country-house and an annual income of several thousand dollars. Of late she had seriously thought of refunding part of her property, for she had heard of her brother's losing largely in his speculations, and knew that he looked anxious.

The picnic was over and the merry party came gayly back to the city; tired, it is true, but, as they all declared, no more so than was pleasant. Kate tripped lightly up the steps, and, with a merry "adieu" to her escort, entered the hall. A servant met her with a frightened face. "O, Miss Kate, your father is very sick; they brought him home about an hour ago." Her heart seemed to stand still; she caught at the balustrades to prevent herself from falling, and then, after steadying herself for a moment, hurried to her father's room. Her aunt Jane was there, with a couple of doctors, and two or three gentlemen, who had accompanied Mr. Clifford home after his sudden seizure, but Kate noticed no one but her father, who feebly opened his eyes at the sound of her footsteps. "Kate, my little Kate," he said, but the sight of that deathly face had so overpowered her that she could not speak; she only sank on her knees by the bed, and clasping his cold hand in hers, covered it with kisses, sobbing all the while as though her heart would break.

The dying man turned his eyes toward his sister. "Jane, will you be kind to my poor darling? Remember, her failings are more my fault than her own. Will you promise to treat her as if she were your own child?"

"I will," said Miss Jane, solemnly.

"Kate, my precious one, be dutiful to your aunt, she will soon be all the friend you have;

all the earthly friend, I mean, for I hope you will never forget that there is One who loves you better than even your father has done." He closed his eyes, and Kate looked imploringly from one face to another, as if beseeching them to do something for him, but a mournful silence was the only answer to the mute appeal. Again the sick man spoke, but now his mind was back among the scenes of his boyhood. He wanted to go and fish, he was going to make a splendid wind-mill, he wished Jane would give him a string for his kite, and so murmuring, he fell asleep. A few hours later, but without saying any thing more, he died, and his sister having assisted in carrying the insensible Kate to her room, came back, and kneeling by the dead man's side wept passionately and despairingly, wept as few of her friends would have supposed the self-possessed Jane Clifford could weep.

We will not linger amid these scenes, nor attempt to depict poor Kate's deep sorrow. If our readers have never seen the death-angel bear away the one with whom it seemed of all others most difficult to part, God grant it may be long ere they are called upon to realize her agony! if they have, we need not picture it. When the solemn pageantry of the funeral was over and Mr. Clifford's affairs were examined, he was found to be a bankrupt, and his cherished darling was consigned to the charity of her stern though conscientious aunt.

Two years later Mrs. Mason was lying on a couch where she had been confined all day by a severe headache, when her daughter entered the room.

"How are you now, mamma?"

"Much better, my dear; was that Kate Clifford who called?"

"Yes, mamma; she wanted to see you, but would not disturb you when I told her how badly you felt."

"She might have come up for all that; how does she appear?"

"More depressed than I ever saw her before. Her aunt has hired old Hannah, who used to live at Mr. Clifford's, and she is perfectly insolent to Kate."

"She ought to be above caring for what old Hannah says."

"She can not, when her aunt makes her stay in the kitchen with her so much; but if I were she," added Mabel, passionately, "I would rather die than stay there."

"What can she do?" said Mrs. Mason. "Her early habits of inattention have made the advantages which she has had of no avail in this emergency. She is so talented that she does not show how superficial her education is; but really

she could not teach one of the solid branches. Then as for music, though she has a brilliant touch, and plays with a great deal of taste, you know yourself she could not teach it. If she had stability enough to study and practice, she might fit herself to do so, but unfortunately she has not."

"O, mamma," said Mabel, eagerly, "she wants to now, and if she had a chance, I do believe she would persevere; she says she would, but Miss Jane—the horrid old maid—says she has wasted too much time on her music already, and will only let her practice three-quarters of an hour a day. The minute the time is up she calls her away, and of course what she plays for company is n't like practicing."

"Well, it is pretty severe discipline, I know," said Mrs. Mason, "but I hope it will be beneficial to her. She has such gifts and has had so many advantages, and thus far has so trifled away her life, that I feel as if Providence is in this way teaching her lessons she should have learned long ago."

"I do n't know about that; it is enough to ruin her temper, and she has learned nothing in the last two years, but just how to cook and bake."

"Very important knowledge to her, my dear, if she is ever to preside over an establishment of her own; I only wish you had more of it."

"But her aunt only does it to annoy her; as many servants as she keeps, she can have no other reason."

"There you are wrong," said Mrs. Mason, warmly. "I have known Jane Clifford from her childhood, and know she is above such meanness. She considers a practical knowledge of cookery necessary for girls of any station, and she has persevered till Kate has obtained it; but I believe she has considered it a very painful duty."

It was perhaps a week after the above conversation that Mabel went to pay a visit to her friend. Kate was not in the room where she was shown, but Miss Clifford was, and she received her quite cordially.

"Where is Kate?" said Mabel; but at that moment her friend entered. There were traces of recent agitation on her beautiful face, and Mabel asked her what was the matter.

"Some of Hannah's insolence," she replied. "Aunt Jane, if you had the least regard for me, you would send her away when she is guilty of such impertinence."

"I do not think you are very conciliating to her," said Miss Jane, quietly. "If you will imagine yourself in her place, you will perhaps think you would not quite like the treatment you give her."

"I can not imagine myself in her place," said Kate, haughtily, "but if such a thing were pos-

sible, if I were a servant, I would keep my place, I would not be impertinent."

"No doubt you would be a model servant," replied her aunt, "but you would find trials such as you have no idea of. You are my dead brother's child, and as such nearer to me than any other human being; and yet, if it could be so arranged that none of your friends could know it and so mortify you hereafter, I would willingly see you placed for a few months in the kitchen of some one who would know no difference between you and the other servants. Do not interrupt me," she added, as she saw Kate's eyes flash, and her lips tremble, while she vainly tried to articulate a word; "I say this because I believe it would be the best thing that could possibly happen you."

"Kate, dear," said Mabel, sarcastically, "you had better go to some place as cook; perhaps it is in hopes of sending you off in that way, that your aunt has taught you so much about cooking. It will be quite a speculation."

"You are mistaken, Miss Mason," said Miss Jane, coldly; "if Kate would prove that she was capable of self-control, in any such way, I should be happy to confer upon her an independence."

"You ought to any way," said Mabel, unable to control her indignation longer; "her father refused to take his share of his father's property, and you ought to restore it to her."

"You will allow me to be my own judge on that point," said Miss Jane, composedly, though a faint flush rose to her face; "at present I do not think independence the best for her." So saying, she left the girls together. Two hours later she sat in her own room, looking sadly at a daguerreotype of her brother, and seeming to hear him repeat, "her failings are more my fault than her own," when her niece and Mabel requested admission. Hastily concealing the daguerreotype, she bade them enter, and they did so with very resolute faces.

"Aunt Jane," said Kate, "you said if I would go as servant a few months, you would make me independent. Were you in earnest? Will you do so if I go and serve satisfactorily in some other city? I could not do it here."

Miss Clifford's pale face flushed, and for a moment she looked scrutinizingly at her niece, then she said slowly,

"Yes, if you will for six months act as cook in any respectable family, and behave as you think Hannah should, I will transfer to you half of my yearly income."

"I'll do it," said Kate, who knew her aunt never broke her word.

Mrs. Mason, when she heard this plan, disapproved most heartily. She begged Kate to come and live with her, if her home had become

unendurable; but our young friend was too independent for that.

"You do not know," said she, "how I have longed and pined to obtain my own living, or you would not oppose me. I am willing to take this from aunt Jane if she will give it to me, for I think, with Bell, that part of grandpa's estate should be mine. I do not believe I shall be any more uncomfortable even during the six months than I am now, and at the end of that time I shall have freedom and independence, the two most delightful things imaginable. I am going to some other city, and no one here but you and Bell; will know where I really am."

"I fear for you," said Mrs. Mason, gravely; "you do not know what is before you."

Kate shook her head and tried to laugh, but her lips quivered.

"Have you decided where you will go?"

"I think to Boston. Mrs. Grey, the sick lady, who lives about a mile from us and whom I have never seen, mentioned to aunt Jane that her sister-in-law who lives there, had written that her cook would soon be married, and aunt requested her to write and ask if she would give the place to a worthy young friend of hers, an excellent cook, whose father had left her very poor, and who would like to live in Boston; I suppose the answer will come soon."

"Well, if you must go," said Mrs. Mason, "I hope it will be there, for I have a friend living in Boston to whom I will write the whole affair, so you can have some one to go to if you are in trouble. My friend has no children, and I will tell her not to mention you to any but her husband, so you can go to her whenever you wish to unburden your mind."

"I do not know," said Kate; "you must talk to aunt Jane about that; I am afraid she would think my having some one to sympathize with me would destroy our bargain. I believe the principal thing she wishes me to learn is to depend entirely on myself, instead of taking my troubles to my friends."

Mrs. Mason did talk to Miss Clifford, and found her not only willing but anxious that Kate should have a friend in Boston to whom she could appeal.

"In fact," said she, "I am going to shut up my house and go myself to Boston, or wherever she goes, and unknown to her watch over her. I have not forgotten my brother's charge, nor my promise to him, that I would treat her as if she were my own child."

Mrs. Mason did not reply; she knew her friend believed what she said, but her inward reflection was that a mother would never deem such harsh lessons necessary.

"I told Kate," pursued Miss Clifford, "that if she went to Boston I would go and stay in Massachusetts—I have some distant relatives scattered around there—and she could tell her friends that we are going to that State, leaving them to infer we are going together to visit friends."

The answers from Boston were both satisfactory, and Kate and Mabel busied themselves in fitting out a suitable wardrobe for the former."

"You will have to take off mourning," said Mabel.

"No," said Kate, "I shall wear it till these six months are over, and then put on colors."

"You had better," persisted Mabel. "It will not be suitable for you to wear expensive dresses, and cheap black ones are so shabby."

Mrs. Mason and Miss Clifford both agreed with Mabel; so Kate yielded, and the two friends started out, determined to prove to their elders, that they had very correct ideas of servant's dress, and could get that which was both cheap and tasteful.

Six plain, dark calico dresses, two gingham lawns—for Sunday dresses, Kate said—an indefinite number of dark gingham aprons, two dozen plain linen handkerchiefs, a dainty white chip bonnet, with blue trimmings, and blue silk for a scarf, with heavy fringe for the ends, were the results of their first expedition. It was impossible to keep from smiling when the girls, coming gayly from the carriage, displayed their purchases and challenged approbation. They were particularly pleased with the scarf, for they said they had searched every place and could find no mantilla, shawl, or scarf which was not too expensive, or else "horribly out of taste," till at length they were struck with the idea that they could get material for a scarf, and have it made without any embroidery or trimming, "but just a little bit of fringe."

"And what did this little bit of fringe cost?" said Mrs. Mason, quietly.

"Why," said Kate, showing some embarrassment, "it was six dollars; but we could n't find any fit to be seen for less, and every thing else we had bought was so cheap we thought we could afford to take it. No, the silk was n't cheap either," she added with a blush, as she saw Mrs. Mason looking at the rich piece of goods, "but every thing else was; and a real scarf, one that I would wear, would look out of place for a servant."

"This will not," said Mrs. Mason, smiling.

"Never mind," said Miss Clifford, "she can have a common bonnet and cape in addition. Young and pretty housemaids generally buy articles of street wear which are not suitable for their stations, so that will not surprise any one,

and her dresses are very appropriate, only she has more of them than less favored cooks are supplied with, especially as the warm weather will be over before the six months are, and then she will need a new supply."

"No," said Kate, "nothing more than a couple of delaines, for I shall still wear the calicos for every day."

"Then you must wear flannel under them," replied her aunt.

"What do you want of the handkerchiefs?" said Mrs. Mason. "I should think you would have enough common ones on hand."

"So I have," said Kate, gayly, "but they have my own name on them, and these are to be marked Katy Callihan."

"Kate," said Miss Clifford, "Mrs. Mason has promised to go with us; so I will stop at Dearborn, and you can direct your letters to me there, and if I go away I will have them forwarded. Mrs. Mason will go on to Boston and leave you with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harper. I used to be slightly acquainted with them myself, and have been corresponding with them about you. The arrangement is, that you are to go to them at any time when you think you can not, or ought not to stay with the Huntleys. I wish you would believe," added she with more feeling than her niece had ever before seen her display, "that I have consented to your proposition, because I think it will be for your good; and that I would not have you exposed to insult for all my fortune."

There was truthfulness in her tones, and unconsciously Kate found herself feeling more kindly toward her aunt than she had done since her father's death.

"I do believe you, aunt Jane," said she, earnestly, "and I am glad that I know so much about housekeeping, though I confess you have had a troublesome time teaching me."

"I would not make any such acknowledgment," thought Mabel; "mamma is right, Kate is too yielding."

Mrs. Mason, however, had evidently a different impression; for looking at Kate affectionately, "I think my dear," she said, "I must retract my declaration, that you do not yield gracefully; I am very much pleased with you."

JESUS IN THE DARK.

If we look on a thing in the dark we can not see it; but we have done what we were told. So if a sinner only looks to Jesus he will save him; for Jesus in the dark is as good as Jesus in the light; and Jesus, when you can not see him, is as good as Jesus when you can.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE:

ITS EFFECT ON THE FUTURE UNITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY J. B. WOODRUFF.

THE downfall of the temporal power of the Pope, although not yet consummated, has at least become a certainty. It is only a question of time, and that not long deferred; indeed, it is impossible to suppose that half a decade will pass away before the work shall have been effectually accomplished. The court of the Vatican, for more than a thousand years, has been the scene of turbulence and intrigue, and few Popes have ever held their scepter firmly; but these were only convulsions in which cardinals—and those who aspire to the triple crown—took part; among the people, at home and abroad, there was a respect and reverence for the person and the office of the Roman Pontiff, which no merely-temporal sovereign could inspire. The corruptions and crimes of the ecclesiastical court were hidden from the masses of the people, and if known, would not have received credence, among the devotees of the Latin hierarchy; and hence they were permitted to continue unchecked. The reformers denounced and exposed them, and succeeded in severing the half of Europe from the dominion of Rome; but when once the lines were fairly drawn, the Catholics—for we call them by the name they have assumed—would have rejected the plainest evidence of their existence, as partisans always refuse to acknowledge the corruption of their adherents.

During convulsions of the character of which we have spoken—when Popes were assassinated, and cardinals poisoned—the *Papacy* flourished, because it lived in, and was revered by the hearts of the people. But nearly a century ago demonstrations of a different character began to make their appearance on the banks of the Tiber. The people, advancing slowly but surely in intelligence, could not always remain blind to the corruptions of the Vatican; and the animosities and partisanism engendered by the Reformation having somewhat subsided, they refused to reject, as heretofore, the evidences of their senses. Within the last twenty years the growing liberality of the people assumed a definite form, and after wringing a liberal Constitution from Pius IX, it banished him from Rome. How he was reinstated it is unnecessary to say; and that the presence of a French army has ever since been requisite to his safety is well known.

The time, if not already arrived, will soon arrive when all outside influences will be withdrawn, and with their withdrawal the temporal

reign of the Pope ceases. Louis Napoleon, more shrewd than monarchs generally, acknowledges the power of public opinion, and seizes upon it, and directs it so as to strengthen himself, aggrandize France, and avenge the misfortunes of his uncle; and now that the public demands the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, it will be done in just such a time and manner as will render it most popular.

Assuming that the Pope will henceforth be an ecclesiastic only, the question immediately occurs, What will be the effect upon the future unity of the Catholic Church? and will the Bishop of Rome retain his spiritual supremacy? The importance of these questions may not at first occur to the reader; but reflection must convince any one, that upon the results they involve, in a great measure, depends the reformation of the abuses which have rendered the Catholic Church the great arch-foe of Christianity.

For ages Western Europe had looked to Rome for its laws and for its civilization; and it was quite natural that it should learn its religion from the same source, especially as civilization and religion are inseparably connected. By this means the bishops of Rome first usurped the supremacy they have since held; and it is through their temporal power that they have since maintained it. For a long time, by availing themselves of popular superstition, they managed to render all sovereigns dependent upon them for their power; and by judiciously exercising the assumed prerogative of excommunication, they rendered themselves superior to all other monarchs; and though nominally governing but a small territory, they really gave direction to the policy of Western Europe.

But if the temporal power, in the palmy days of the hierarchy, was the source of all its greatness, it has been no less the cohesive element which has held the Church together in its decline. Catholic sovereigns, under the specious pretense of preserving the balance of power, have been as studious in defending the territorial domains of the Pontiff, as their predecessors were to humble themselves to that functionary; and by so doing they have given an importance to Rome, which it could not otherwise have acquired. The Bourbons and Hapsburgs hoped, by pretended devotion to religion, to atone, in the eyes of their subjects, for despotism and tyranny; and it is a well-attested historical fact, that a small quantity of blood shed in defense of the "Throne of St. Peter," has, in the opinion of the Catholic masses, obliterated the guilt and crime of a whole reign. Protestant nations, by adopting the balance-of-power theory, have likewise contributed to the importance of the Papacy, by

guaranteeing the integrity of the Roman territories, believing that that would be better than their annexation to one of the Catholic powers; and this diplomacy has been studiously construed, by priests and leaders of the hierarchy, as a Divine protection, otherwise the enemies of Catholicism would not hesitate to crush it. The sympathies and prejudices of Catholics everywhere have been appealed to with great effect, whenever the temporal sovereignty of the Pontiff was endangered, thus directing the minds of the adherents of the Church to Rome as the center of religion, and strengthening their convictions by the cry of persecution.

But deprive the Pope of his temporal power—make him an ecclesiastic only, and he ceases to be an object of diplomacy, and hence of attention; the simple prelate, like the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Patriarch of Constantinople, will rapidly lose all his importance abroad. His revenues will be too much reduced to admit of expensive embassies to and from his adherents abroad, and the independence of the provincial Churches will certainly and surely follow. This is the lesson of all history. The Greek Church, though confined to Eastern Europe and a small portion of Asia, is divided into several independent episcopates, and the Episcopal Church in the United States acknowledges nothing more than a Christian brotherhood for that of England.

With a divided Church, Roman Catholicism must succumb to the advancing spirit of the age, as have the rigorous tenets of the original Calvinists; the doctrines of that reform having, by his followers, been mollified till they are almost identical with free will. The great difficulty which reformers have ever encountered, in contending with the Church of Rome, is the complete unity of that institution. Between the layman and the Pope there is such a perfect gradation of monks, priests, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, each lower order absolutely submissive to and sustaining its superior, and the whole forming such a complete chain, that it was no mean force. Every edict of the Pope was adopted, without question, by every order below, and to doubt its infallibility was believed a mortal sin. But let this unity, this chain, be sundered, and one half the difficulties heretofore encountered will disappear. Old attachments are much stronger than new ones, and when Catholics cease to venerate the decrees of the Pope, they will care little for those of the provincial bishops. Besides, when a reform has commenced, it seldom ends where its friends originally intended. One change necessarily demands additional ones till the whole social fabric is made to harmonize with the new order of things. Sardinia and all Italy is half Prot-

estantized, and the revolution will not end with the mere downfall of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff, but must go on till the Church is supported on the same voluntary system practiced in this country, and which will soon be adopted in England. The Italian mind is fast preparing for this, and though it might shrink from admitting the whole truth now, it can not long fail to perceive the necessity of the measure. For several years after Luther encountered Tetzel, he had no desire to separate himself from the Roman Church; when the long Parliament first resisted royal encroachments, the members little expected to bring the king to the scaffold; the tea party of Massachusetts proclaimed themselves and were loyal subjects of George III, and had no thoughts of independence; yet Germany was severed from Rome, Charles I beheaded, and the Declaration of July 4th, 1776, promulgated.

As soon as the Roman Church shall have been completely sundered into fragments, reforms will be introduced into each section corresponding with the liberality and intelligence of the people. The philosophic German will not be checked by the superstitious Spaniard or docile Celt; and each nation, unhampered by every other, will contribute something; and these, reacting, will introduce other changes, till there will be no material difference between Catholicism and Protestantism, and till all can unite upon the broad basis of Christianity.

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"FEED my lambs" were among the last utterances which fell from the lips of the blessed Savior before his ascension into heaven. Having personally questioned Peter as to his love for his Redeemer, and being answered that he loved him, Christ demanded the practical demonstration of that fact by *feeding his lambs*.

Religion is emphatically a principle of love in the heart and life, and is, in the very nature of the case, active in its manifestations. Its existence in the heart necessarily presupposes its development in the life. Hence the fact of our loving or not loving Christ is easy of demonstration. We only require to know whether such as profess love for him labor or do not labor for the good of their fellow-beings. When Peter, in answer to the direct and thrice-pro pounded question, "Lovest thou me?" assured his Master so earnestly that he loved him, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep" was the quickly-

returned answer. We are thus impressively taught that the intensity of our real love for Christ is determined always by the extent of our devotion to his cause. On this subject our actions are to speak louder than our words.

It will also be seen from this injunction of our Lord to Peter in what supreme importance the religious education of children was held by the Great Head of the Church. This was unquestionably the point intended to be conveyed by the expression, "Feed my lambs," as distinguished from the other charge, "Feed my sheep." If the Savior would have his disciples earnestly toil for the salvation of men and women, he would also have them profoundly imbued with the importance of the religious education of children. And in this they would but follow in his own blessed footsteps; for never did sweeter or more eloquent words drop from the lips of Jesus than when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

While the pulpit is charged with its solemn duties to the young, and may not be deficient at this point without fearful recreancy to its high responsibilities, we are more immediately concerned in this paper with the obligations and duties of the religious fireside on this vital subject. To the heads of families Christ says with marked and solemn emphasis, "*Feed my lambs.*"

That the minds and hearts of children are impressible at a very early age, and impressible for eternity, is not only plain from the utterances of Revelation, but also from the very nature and constitution of the human mind. It is pretty generally agreed now, since the rejection by common consent of the doctrine of innate ideas, that the human mind at birth is a sort of album, upon which just such sentiments are written as accord with the circumstances surrounding and the character of training influencing it. If this be true, how great is parental responsibility! With what care should parents write upon this heart-album of their offspring! How assiduously should they impress the first lessons and hal lowing truths of our blessed religion upon the tender and susceptible hearts of the nursery! The fact that the mind is "wax to receive, and marble to retain" early impressions, should never be forgotten by those who are charged with the bringing up of children.

How unequivocally does the Word of God speak out upon the question of the influence of parental teaching upon children in their youth! The religious occupancy of the heart in childhood

is every thing to the future character; hence Jehovah said to the fathers in Israel, "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house and upon thy gates." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Such was the confidence of Jehovah in Abraham's fidelity to his paternal obligations that he said of him, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment."

It will be seen from these passages, which could be greatly extended were it necessary, that the parent is held accountable to a fearful extent for the moral character of his offspring. And are not the cases of Hannah and Eli conclusive evidence upon this point? Samuel was, under God, what a pious, praying mother laid the foundation for his being—a great and good man. And the sons of Eli were what they were from the want of early religious training, as we plainly learn from the Lord's displeasure toward him upon this subject. These instances impressively illustrate what moral complexion home teachings and influences give to the after lives of children; how that they go out from the nursery either to bless or curse the world just as they have or have not been trained in the ways of piety.

In some further remarks upon the permanent moral results growing out of home influences upon the young mind and heart, let us note the cases of John Wesley and Lord Byron. The question naturally comes up, Why were these two great representative men, who were certainly not far from being equal on the score of mental power, so essentially different in their moral characters and in the world's estimate of their lives and deaths? Is not the solution to this problem only to be found in the circumstances giving tone to their characters in early life? Let us see whether, on acknowledged moral principles, we are not prepared for all that followed from what went before their start into the active world. Rightly to judge as to the reason of the difference between these great representative men in character and moral action we must begin with first principles; we must go to the nursery.

Wesley's parents were deeply pious, especially his devoted mother, to whose spiritual care he

and the rest of the children were chiefly committed. Susannah Wesley was in every sense a remarkable woman. It is doubtless not too much to say that her equal in all the essential elements of a great female character has never been found in the Christian Church; certainly never her superior. Remarkable alike for the vigor of her intellect, the extent of her attainments, the depth and fervor of her piety, and the uniformity of her devotion to the religious welfare of her offspring, she was rarely gifted for her great work in life. But we have only time to speak of her as a mother. What she was in this respect will appear from a single remark: she spent six hours of every day in teaching and praying with her children. The laying of the foundation of John Wesley's noble character—a character which has imposed a debt of gratitude upon humanity which can never be paid—was no easy task. Long years of patient religious toil and methodical effort were necessary to this great result. As illustrative of her purpose and perseverance in her maternal work, Mr. Wesley's father remarked on one occasion he did not see how she could have so much patience with that block-head—referring to John—for that was the twentieth time she had told him a certain thing; whereupon she replied, that was the very reason she had again informed him, for had she told him only nineteen times she would have had all her labor for nothing. But why say more? The world knows the rest.

It may, therefore, be safely said that whatever of greatness the world has to concede to John Wesley for his noble, self-sacrificing labors for the good of his race, much of it must be ascribed to the pious toils and ardent prayers of his remarkable mother. If Wesley was great in winning souls to Christ, and in turning many to righteousness, his mother was none the less great, under God, in molding and fitting him for his sublime work!

But how unlike Mrs. Wesley was the mother of Lord Byron! Ill-tempered and cross in disposition, peace and happiness were strangers to her dwelling. Her son was deformed; and to add to this natural affliction, his mother in her not unfrequent fits of anger was wont to allude to it, and made it the occasion of cruel taunt and reproach to his feelings. Such was her unnatural treatment and unmotherly course to him, that he seems never to have had the first sentiment of affection for her. And thus we see how the foundation of this great moral wreck was laid in the nursery!

Lord Byron was confessedly a man of rare mental endowments, as his works abundantly show; but his noble gifts and varied learning

were prostituted to the most ignoble of purposes. While he "builds the lofty rhyme" with a master's skill and the poet's highest creative energy, yet his glowing pages are, in many instances, only vice and licentiousness gilded in the richest colorings, and adorned with the rarest beauties of the poetic art. Eternity alone can measure the extent of injury which Byron has done to humanity by the wicked use of his great powers.

No marvel is it that he could not make out "*the round dozen of happy days in all his life*," as he said some time before his death; and no wonder is it that Wesley, amid the spiritual triumph and moral grandeur of an hour for which he had been taught to live, he could say, "*The best of all, God is with us!*"

In conclusion, I ask, in all seriousness, why the difference between John Wesley and Lord Byron in their lives and deaths, and in the world's verdict concerning them? If this question is honestly answered, it must be ascribed almost exclusively to the different characters of their mothers, and to the influences surrounding them in early life. These results were not accidentally reached, but had their origin in specific causes.* Wesley might have been a Byron in wickedness, or Byron a Wesley in piety under different circumstances. The Book is positive and exceptionless on this point: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

From the teachings of Scripture, and from the lessons of human experience we alike learn the awful responsibility of parents to their children. Fathers and mothers should never forget that the nurseries of the land are sending out into the world characters so far resembling John Wesley or Lord Byron, that their existence will either prove a blessing or a curse to humanity! What an awful reflection! and yet how few practically consider it! What frightful disclosures will the judgment of the great day make upon this subject! May every parent or guardian who reads this article look at his or her fireside duties in the light of eternity, and be able to realize at the last that the world has been made all the better by so doing!

THE DIABOLICAL TRIO—PRIDE, ENVY, AND HATE.—There is a diabolical trio existing in the natural man, implacable, inextinguishable, coöperative, and simultaneous—pride, envy, and hate: pride that makes us fancy we deserve all the goods that others possess; envy, that some should be admired while we are overlooked; and hate, because all that is bestowed on others diminishes the sum we think due to ourselves.

ETERNAL SEPARATION.

BY R. ATHOW WEST.

"Between me and thee there is a great gulf fixed."

YES, 't was an awful hour when I

Witnessed thy dying agony!

The scene's still present to my mind—

'T is painful—'t is heart-rending;

Nor can I consolation find,

The mournful thought attending,

That distant worlds must sever

Thy soul and mine forever.

I marked that wild, terrific gaze;

That gloom which overspread thy face;

I heard that awful lingering groan,

As thou wast slowly dying,

And then I heard that last deep moan:

To me was truly trying

To think that worlds forever

Thy soul and mine must sever.

Oft have I laid thee out the plan

Of mercy shown to fallen man;

And told of Jesus' dying love,

While kindled friendship's feeling;

The hope that we should meet above

O'er my fond bosom stealing!

Nor dreamed I that forever

Far worlds our souls would sever.

And oft have I, in earnest mood,

Entreated thee to serve thy God;

Then urged I thee to seek his face,

Of all thy sins repenting,

And own thy need of saving grace,

Thy callous heart relenting.

Now distant worlds must sever

Thy soul and mine forever.

Thy doom unalterably sure,

Shall through eternity endure!

And now must friendship let thee go,

And each fond tie be broken;

Thy sentence, everlasting woe,

The mouth of God hath spoken;

And distant worlds must sever

Thy soul and mine forever.

But still affection's kinder claim

To my sad heart endears thy name!

And oft where thou with me hast roved,

Still will I wander weeping;

There for the sake of him I loved

My midnight vigils keeping,

Though distant worlds dis sever

Thy soul and mine forever.

And though I will not follow thee

To thine abode of misery,

Yet oft to thy new grave I'll go,

And o'er it sadly bending,

Alone I'll drink my cup of woe,

The mournful thought attending.

That distant worlds forever

Thy soul and mine must sever.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

OBEDIENCE BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.—"To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." 1 Samuel xv, 22.

Saul received a very clear and specific command from God to slay the Amalekites, and utterly destroy all that they had, for they had been the most bitter of the enemies of the Israelites, and were guilty of heinous national sins. Saul disobeyed God's command. He was commanded to destroy the Amalekites *utterly*—without exception. But he destroyed only that which was "vile and refuse;" "all that was good, he would not utterly destroy them."

Perhaps Saul thought the command too cruel, or perhaps he coveted the possessions of Amalek; or, it may be that he wished to gratify his vanity by an ostentatious display of the prisoners he had taken, and the spoil he had captured. His conduct was a deliberate act of disobedience to God's specific command. Saul's conduct is a type of human nature in manifesting—1. A disinclination to render a full and complete obedience to God's expressed will. 2. A proneness to render that to God which he does not require, and withholding that which he demands. 3. In the excuses he makes for his disobedience. (1.) He told a lie. "I have performed the commandment of the Lord." But in this he was detected by Samuel, who said, "What meaneth this bleating of sheep in mine ears?" etc. (2.) He throws the onus of his guilt on the shoulders of his people, as though he had no command over them. (3.) He offers the very fruit of his disobedience upon the altar at Gilgal, as a bribe to God and a quietus to conscience. The paramount importance of obedience will appear from the following remarks:

I. ALL THINGS ARE CONSIDERED BY THE ALMIGHTY AS SUBORDINATE TO HIS LAW. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not a jot or a tittle of the law shall fail." Among men law is the most august principle. To it all men must defer. Kings, nobles, peoples, are subordinate to it. Kings may be dethroned, dynasties destroyed, and nations pass away, but the eternal principles of rectitude are immovable as the everlasting hills.

II. EVERY INFRINGEMENT OF LAW ENTAILS PUNISHMENT. It is "a terror to evil-doers," it knows nothing of mercy. It can wink at no short-coming. 1. Punishment will certainly follow sin, as pain and suffering follow an infringement of the material laws of the universe. The wicked shall not escape. "I have sworn in my wrath if they shall enter into my rest." 2. The protracting of the punishment is no proof of its abandonment. Therefore let the sinner beware—let him not say, "Where is the promise of His coming?" "The

Son of man shall come as a thief in the night." The antediluvians mocked the threatenings of God one hundred and twenty years, but destruction overtook them after all. 3. The final punishment of the disobedient will be eternal in its effect. Saul's posterity lost the throne of Israel forever.

III. IN ORDER TO ATONE FOR THE GUILT OF MEN WHO HAVE INFRINGED THE LAW OF GOD, THE GREATEST SACRIFICE HAS BEEN OFFERED. All the sacrifices under the old dispensation were to illustrate and honor law. Christ appeared in our nature to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. "He was made of a woman, made under the law." In his humanity he rendered that obedience to the law which it demands of all its subjects. "Fulfilling the law for righteousness." He came "not to destroy, but to fulfill." And through virtue of his deity imparting that quality and efficacy to his sacrifice that he became the propitiation for sin.

Learn the importance of ascertaining what the will of God respecting us is—the importance, present and eternal, of obeying it, and let us pray that we may have obedient hearts, that we may serve him to all well-pleasing.

THE REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matt. xxv, 21.

Christianity does not subject to the sway of mere abstractions, or only of conscience as the asserter of law; it teaches that it is congenial and proper to our nature to serve a person, the highest, owner of all things, the most worthy of confidence, the most endeared. All men are of right his servants, though many are unfaithful.

The reward of the faithful servant:

I. CONSISTS IN OBTAINING THE APPLAUSE OF CHRIST. "Well done, good and faithful servant," etc. Man pants for praise. The vain man lives upon it, and will greedily drink in what he knows to be flattery. What, then, must applause be? 1. From Him whose knowledge secures that his praise is unerring, while his own experience of the like service gives his praise special significance. 2. From Him whose righteousness secures that it is sincere. 3. From Him whose interest in the person of his servant gives his praise a peculiar and crowning charm. 4. From Him who will pronounce it in the presence of the fellow-servants.

II. CONSISTS IN WITNESSING THE JOY OF CHRIST. 1. This joy arises from the beneficent exercise of the greatest power. (There is an evident parallelism between

being made "ruler over many things," and "the joy of thy Lord.") 2. Is infinite in intensity and might.

We learn also herefrom, that it was to obtain this joy that "he endured the cross."

During his earthly life he had been striving, but with comparatively small result, to benefit men. While his desire was boundless, his influence was limited, and his teaching and example were, except in a few, impotent. With what exultation, then, did the risen Christ bound from "the few" to "the many things," announcing to the disciples, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth!"

As yet we have known Christ only as "the man of sorrows;" this is the character of Christ on earth. But Christ in joy makes heaven.

III. CONSISTS IN PARTAKING OF THE BLESSEDNESS OF CHRIST, which is here parallel to an increase of power and responsibility. "I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." 1. This increase of responsibility gives the applause new force and confirmation. 2. It awakens a gratifying sense of new dignity and worth. 3. This partaking of Christ's joy is made possible only by sympathy with and resemblance to him. The servant has ever had the like taste, the like longings to benefit; has, amid lamentation and difficulty, done his best; now the increase of ability and the widening of influence give him the like joy. 4. This exhibits heaven, not as a bed of ease, but as a scene of far more stupendous operations and responsibilities than this world.

ABOUNDING CONSOLATION.—"As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ." 2 Cor. i, 5.

When Mr. James Bainham, who suffered under Henry VIII. of England, was in the midst of the flames, which had half consumed his arms and legs, he said aloud—"O ye Papists, ye look for miracles, and here now you may see a miracle; for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were in a bed of down, but it is to me a bed of roses."

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS.—From this invaluable treasury of quaint jewels we gather a few adapted to the season of the year:

A Lesson from the Dust of Summer.—On an excursion into the country during the hot days of Summer, Gotthold discovered that the clothes of the party were thickly covered with dust, which they had not perceived as it fell, but which now gave them trouble enough to brush and shake off. From this occurrence, said he, let us reap a useful admonition on the subject of sin and its properties. At the present season, when the weather is fine and undisturbed by showers, dust is easily raised and falls plentifully. In like manner it is, when flesh and blood enjoy fair weather and sunshine, that sinful lusts are most apt to be excited, and drop most thickly in actual sins.

As dust consists of many minute particles and falls imperceptibly, so that we scarcely perceive, till we are bespread with it; so do many small sins combine to form a great one, which is called habit and security, and is the nearest stage to hell.

As dust injures clothes, and sometimes sticks so fast that it can by no means be removed from them, and as no one likes it, but labors, as we are now doing, to brush it off, even so sin makes us hateful in the sight of God, and disreputable in that of men, so that we ought justly to take all pains to purge our conscience and amend our life.

No one who travels in weather like this can escape the dust;

and just as little upon the pilgrimage of this transitory life can any boast of being unsullied by sin.

In fine, as the dust settles and lies as quietly as if it had no existence, but is stirred and raised by the slightest breath of wind, so it sometimes seems as if sin no longer dwelt within us, but was vanquished and annihilated, and we freed from all restraint to serve God in a pure and blameless life: no sooner does opportunity occur than sin makes its appearance, and we discover that we have much more of the world in our hearts than we had ever supposed.

Alas! thou righteous God, how abominable and defiled in thy most holy sight are my garments and walk! No doubt, from day to day, I brush the dust away, but ah, me! how little good it does! Forgive me, O my Father, forgive me, and do thou thyself cleanse and purge me, granting grace that my walk may be habitually circumspect, and that, at last, I may enter pure and unsullied into thy city.

Shooting at the Mark.—In a certain neighborhood the young men had been allowed, for pleasure and pastime, to set up a target at which they shot, all endeavoring to do their best. Gotthold happened to be in the vicinity, and, hearing the reports, fell into the following train of reflection: All of these shooters aim at the black mark, and yet there can be little doubt that only a few will hit it. The same is the case with our Christianity and its perfection. Since the fall we no longer—to use the sportsman's phrase—have a steady hand: but although an outline of Divine perfection, in other words, the law, is set before us as the mark at which, in all our thoughts, words, and works, we are to aim; still we so often shoot aside that our perfection is really imperfection, and we must even reckon it a kind of perfection to be aware how imperfect we are, mourn over our defects, and endeavor, by the practice of godliness, to grow daily better. None of us has reached the mark as we ought to have done; but we are all upon the way to it, one nearer, another not so near, and God is satisfied with us if he only find us laboring and pressing toward it. Would that men were but satisfied with each other, when this one strikes the center, and that one only touches the corner of the target! Why do we despise a brother because we are nearing the goal, while he is doing his best to follow? Show me the man who has always hit and never missed the mark—I mean who has at all times and in all things chosen the better part—and I will look upon him with astonishment as an angel. My God! keep my Christianity in continual exercise, for exercise brings increase, and increase, at last, perfection—not, perhaps, such as will satisfy man, but such as will satisfy thee, my benign and merciful Judge!

The Wearisome Rain.—A tract of wet and stormy weather had set in, and continued so long that people at last disliked even to look out at the window. Many thereupon became impatient, and nothing was more common than to make and hear complaints of the bad weather. Says Gotthold: What do you mean by bad weather? Can any thing be worse than we, bad and ungodly men, who are born and bred in wickedness, have grown up in it, and, did not the Divine mercy prevent, would also die in it? Be assured it is any thing but a venial sin to censure God's weather, and speak as if it were never good enough for us, or worthy of our gratitude. Did we but reflect who we are and what we do, we would soon forget to murmur at the weather, and would rather be thankful to God for raining mere water upon us, and not fire and brimstone.

My God, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart for this forbearance. I thank thee also for having given me a home, beneath whose roof, despite the storm, I now sit safe and dry, and along with it a sufficiency of bodily nourishment, so that I am under no necessity to seek for food in the heavy rain. O faithful God, if to thy ever wise and holy will it shall, perchance, seem fit to involve my soul in a storm, I know not whither I could fly for refuge but to thyself, and to the tent and tabernacle of thy grace and truth; for in the time of trouble thou shalt hide me in thy pavilion; in the secret of thy tabernacle shalt thou hide me. Ps. xxvii, 5. In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge till these calamities be overpast. Ps. lvi, 1.

Julia and Currier.

THE FIRST BOOK IN AMERICA.—The first book printed in the United States was the Bay Psalm Book, in 1640. It passed through many editions here, and was reprinted in England in eighteen editions, the last being published in 1745. In Scotland it passed through twenty-two editions, the last appearing in 1759. It was the first work printed in America; it enjoyed a more lasting reputation, and had a wider circulation abroad than any volume published in this country since. It passed through seventy editions in all.

MICROSCOPIC ANALYSIS.—When Lieutenant Berryman was sounding the ocean preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding-line brought up mud which, on being dried, became a powder so fine, that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal.

CHURCH MUSIC.—The first tunes employed in singing psalms and hymns in churches were "popular airs and dances." "Old Hundred" was a love ditty; "Rebuke Me Not," a jig; "Stand up, O Lord," a Poitou dance. Gardner, under the sanction of Archbishop Manners, adapted two hundred and twenty strains of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven to as many of the best versions of the Psalms; and he says, musically speaking, "England has not produced one original idea." He ascribes the productions of Arne and Purcell to the Italians, and our grave Church music to the Flemings. Old Hundred, according to Latrobe, was written by Claude Goudemel, and was probably unknown to Luther and his cotemporaries. He fell a victim to persecution, perishing at Lyons, in 1572, in St. Bartholomew's massacre.

The Rev. W. Havergal, in his "Old Church Psalmody," says it was first published in Day's Psalter, in 1563. Handel is the authority for its being attributed to Luther, but he has produced no evidence, and is manifestly mistaken, for it is not found in any of the "collections" published by the great reformer. Even to this day, it is but little known or used in the Lutheran Churches on the continent, which could not have been the case if Luther had been its author. To what happy conception or fortunate recollection Goudemel owed his conception, we can not know, but probably to something yet older.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—It seems there was a law enacted in the Father-Land, in 1803, which declares that the State shall bring up, at its own charges, the seventh child of every family in which there are already six living sons and daughters, or either. This law has recently been enforced in favor of a citizen named Hooglandt, by the civil tribunal of the city of Amsterdam, and the judgment confirmed on appeal by the Royal Court at the Hague. Of the origin of this custom we have no knowledge, or upon what principle of political econ-

omy it is established and maintained. Why the seventh more than the fifth or the ninth, it would be perhaps difficult to determine. The enactors of the law, no doubt, had a reason which appeared sufficient to themselves. We should exceedingly like to know what it was. It might reveal to us a state of popular opinion, or of domestic economy, or of civil polity, in which there would be much to amuse, if not to excite inquiry.

MILITARY TERMS.—A casemate gun is one fired from under a casemate.

The general term for all kinds of heavy artillery is cannon.

The guns on the top of a fortification are called barbette guns.

A casemate is a part of a fort covered with stone, making it ball-proof.

A bomb-ketch is a small vessel built for the purpose of throwing shells from the sea.

A bomb-proof is a vault of masonry, in which safety is afforded from the explosion of shells.

Field-pieces are small cannon mounted on carriages, drawn by horses, otherwise termed Flying Artillery.

Grenades are small shells two or three inches in diameter. They can be fired from guns or thrown by hand.

The Gabion is a huge basket filled with earth to give temporary defense to a besieging party before earthworks are thrown up.

The Petard is of the shape of a hat, and was, in former days, filled with powder and shot, and was used to explode gates and drawbridges.

The Columbiad, sometimes termed the Paixhan, is a large gun—sometimes of enormous size, for firing any kind of projectile, but chiefly intended for shells.

A Howitzer is a light mortar on wheels, for field service. It is used with great effect in throwing grenades and shells among bodies of men, in the same way that mortars are used against cities and forts.

The Mortar, so called from its wide mouth and general resemblance to the utensil of the druggist, is short and of enormous circumference, being intended solely for bomb-shells. It is sometimes thirty inches in diameter.

The Bomb or Shell is expected to explode at the time of striking; it is hollow and filled with powder, which is ignited by means of a fuse of hollow wood. The fuse which is driven into the orifice of the shell, takes fire from the flame when the piece is discharged.

The Dahlgren derives its name from Captain Dahlgren, of the U. S. Navy. He first discovered that when a gun burst, its first fracture was at the breech. Hence he proposed to avoid danger by increasing the thickness of the gun, not only at the breech, but for several feet toward the muzzle.

Forts are angular or star shaped, so as to have the advantage of cross-fire. On land they are approached by a gradual ascent, called the glacis, which is swept by the defending guns on all sides. The abattis are the

obstacles with which the skirts of the glaciis are incumbered to prevent approach.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.—The flag, during the Confederation, was indorsed by the Congress of that body, by a resolution adopted on the 14th of June, 1777, in the following words:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

This flag continued in use under the Constitution till the 4th day of July, 1818, having passed with unsullied honor through the war with Great Britain, from June, 1812, to its close by the ratification of the treaty of Ghent, in February, 1815.

In the year 1818, the number of States in the Union amounted to twenty, and on the 4th of April, 1818, the Congress of the United States passed a law in the following words:

Be it enacted, etc.—

SECTION 1. That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen *horizontal* stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white on a blue field.

SECTION 2. That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission.

So stands the flag at this day, and it is unalterable but by law.

On the fourth of July, when the Congress of the United States next assembles, the State of Kansas will, according to law, appear as a new star in the Flag of our Union.

A POET REWARDED.—In the records of the Merchant Tailors' Company we find this gratifying entry: 1654, £13 5s. 8d. given to Ogilby, the poet, free of the company, on his petition that he had, at much study and expense, translated Virgil into English meter, with annotations, and likewise Æsop's Fables, both which he had presented to them fairly bound.

MOONLIGHT.—The light derived from the moon, according to the experiments made by Leslie, is about the one hundred thousandth part of the illuminating power of the sun. This planet always presents the same face to us, which proves that she revolves round her axis in the same time that she revolves round the earth. A spectator on the lunar surface would behold the earth, like a luminous orb, suspended in the vault of heaven, presenting a surface about thirteen times larger than the moon does to us, and appearing sometimes gibbous, sometimes horned, and at other times with a round, full face.

CHURCH LATITUDE.—The Protestant Churchman, speaking of the comprehensiveness of the Episcopal communion, says, that the Calvinist and the Arminian do adhere to the same Church; and such is the latitude allowed within the limits of essential soundness, that no Christian would find his conscience greatly troubled, or his liberty in non-essential points restricted by conformity to the creed it puts in the mouth of its members. Our cotemporary is too modest. Episcopal "latitude" has been found in this country to include

those who were Romanists in every thing but the name; while in England, at this very time, it incloses in the same fold with the truest evangelicals men who deride inspiration, atonement, retribution, and nearly every other cardinal doctrine of the Christian system.

NAMES OF WOMEN AND THEIR MEANING.—Mary, the commonest of all females' names, is also the sweetest given to woman. It is not strange that it prevails so universally. It signifies exalted; Maria and Marie—the latter French—are only other forms of Mary, and of course have the same meaning. Martha signifies bitterness. Anna, Anne, Hannah, and, probably, Nancy, are from the same source, and signify kind and generous. Ellen was originally Helen; which, according to some etymologists, has the meaning of alluring; but others define it as one who pities. Jane, now generally familiarized into Jenny, signifies, like Anna, kind or generous. For Sarah, or Sally, there are two definitions—a princess, and the morning star. Susan signifies a lily, and is a fitting name for a tall, slender flower-girl, of delicate complexion and native grace. Rebecca, plump. Lucy signifies light, and was anciently given to girls born at daybreak; it may also be considered as meaning brightness of aspect, and applied accordingly. Bertha, bright, and Alberte, all-bright. Louisa—in French Louise—is the feminine of Louis, and signifies one who protects. Fanny, or Frances, means frank or free. Catherine, or Katherine, pure or chaste; it is one of the best of our female names. Sophia, from the Greek, means wisdom. Caroline and Charlotte, queens. Emma, tender, affectionate, motherly. Margaret, a pearl, or a dahlia. Julia, soft-haired; Juliette and Julietta are the same as Julia. Agnes means chaste. Amelia, and Amy, and Amis, beloved. Clara signifies clear or bright. Eleanor, all faithful. Gertrude, all truth, grace, favor; Laura, a laurel; Matilda, a noble or brave mind; Phebe, light of life.

CHATTERTON'S PAPERS.—In the morning upon which Chatterton committed suicide, he left Brook-street with a bundle of MSS., which he told Mrs. Russell he was going to put in some place of safety, as they were a treasure to any one.

I can not find that any search was made for these papers, either by Warton or Sir Herbert Croft. Can any of your readers inform me if they were ever recovered?

It is noteworthy that he obtained some money the while he was out. But as no one would be likely to advance any thing upon "Rowley," I presume it was obtained by the sale of one of his books. F. R.

DRAWING THE LONG-BOW.—A well-known orator the other day quoted an old saying, that "rhetoric is like the long-bow; the force of the arrow depends on the strength of the arm that draws it; while argument is like the cross-bow, the force of the bolt is the same whether discharged by the finger of a child or that of a giant." From whom is this expression taken, and is it the origin of the phrase, "drawing the long-bow," which is so often applied to those who exaggerate? A. A.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Who is the author of "Thinks I to Myself," a satirical novel quite popular in this country sixty years ago? Is there any late edition of the work? Q.

Boys and Girls' Department.

THE LITTLE GIRL IN BLACK.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. F. H. ROWE.

"O ANNIE! look here!" said Mollie Ward, as she bounced into the sitting-room one day after school; "look what I borrowed from one of the girls—such a delightful book! called the 'Woman in White.' The girls were all talking about it at recess; they say there is a real ghost in it, and it 'most makes your hair stand on end to read it. You and I can have such a nice time over it this evening."

A low laugh from the other end of the room caused Mollie to turn round and observe her mother, whom she had quite overlooked in her eagerness to show her sister the book.

"O, mamma!" she exclaimed, "I did not know you were there; of course, I meant to ask your permission to read it first. Please, let me, won't you?"

"Why? to make that hair stand on end, that I had such trouble to smooth into lady-like ringlets this morning?" asked her mother. "No; I do not approve of *sensation novels* for school-girls; there is time enough for them by and by, when the realities have cooled down that young blood which is so ready to curdle at the bare mention of a ghost; but to make up to you for your disappointment, suppose I tell you a story this evening, though I can not promise a ghost, and perhaps not even a sensation, but to make it attractive, and by way of opposition to your 'novel,' I will call it the 'Little Girl in Black.'"

"Thank you; that will be charming!" exclaimed the girls; "but why," added Mollie, "should we not anticipate the evening, and have the story at once? see, it is growing dark, and the rain is beating a most musical patter upon the window-panes!"

"A fitting accompaniment, I suppose you think, for any story with such a somber title as mine?" said her mother.

"Yes; and here we are at your feet; so now, please, begin with time, place, and circumstance."

"Well, then, the time was early in September, at the close of the Summer holidays, or, more properly, the beginning of the Fall term, and the place was Mrs. Hartly's 'Academy for Young Ladies,' as her circular termed it, situated a few miles out of the town of N—, in which most of our parents resided; and the circumstances I shall develop as I proceed with my narrative—although, perhaps, you will say at the conclusion, it was not '*much of a circumstance*' after all.

"I had attended school for the last year at Mrs. Hartly's, and now, on my return, my little sister, Kitty, our household pet, had been permitted to accompany me, and enter upon the mysteries of the three R's—'*reading*,' '*ritin*,' and '*rithmetic*.' The first day at school is rarely a very busy one, and so, after assembling in the morning, arranging our classes and the lessons for the next day, we were dismissed to roam about at our pleasure, and to revisit our favorite haunts in the adjacent woods, which seemed even yet to be ringing with the echoes of our merry voices, as we played 'hide and seek.' In my young days I thought there never could be a nicer place for a school, and my maturer judgment is not inclined to contradict the assertion; pure air and exercise, those life-giving elements, which every body advocates, every reformer lectures about, and which so few comparatively of the human race enjoy, these, in all their healthful abundance, were constantly ours. I can not say that all our outdoor performances were eminently lady-like, and that some of us were not just a little bit inclined to be boyish; but good Mrs. Hartly, believing that sound bodies would naturally engender sound minds, was discreetly blind to our romps, trusting to home influence and advancing years to transform us into dignified young ladies. And so, on the day of which I am speaking, I had been intro-

ducing Kitty to all the 'lions' of the place; consisting of the old watch-dog, Lion by name, but who was so lamblike in his nature, that he had never been known to attack any thing but a lame chicken who ventured one day within the precincts of his kennel on a foraging expedition; a pair of bantams; a curiously-shaped bird's nest, in which we had watched the rearing of a happy family in the last Spring; a lame gray goose, the date of whose hatching was wrapped in such profound obscurity, that a tradition was quite popular among the school-girls, that he was the surviving member of that little flock who cackled at the gates of Rome; and lastly, though not least in her own estimation or in that of any body else about the place, came Hannah, the cook; she had been one of the fixtures of the establishment from time immemorial, and all the new-comers were greeted by the older girls to Hannah, with as much anxiety for her opinion, as if their future success in the institution depended upon that decision. Hannah was an oddity, having the funniest way imaginable of speaking in short sentences, and always introducing the topic of conversation, before beginning upon it; upon the present occasion Kitty was received with many marks of consideration, I being privately informed that she was 'pretty as a picture'; and the subject of 'cookies' being duly announced, we were informed we might have some.

"'Girl in Black!' ejaculated Hannah; 'have you seen her? Don't b'lieve in't; 'gainst natur', making young ones look mournful-like.'

"But who is she, Hannah?" said I.

"New girl; you'll see; got no more time to talk."

"We accordingly considered ourselves dismissed; and, in roaming about with the other girls, almost forgot Hannah's announcement of the mysterious new-comer. But late in the afternoon Kitty and I wandered off from the other girls into a thickly-shaded part of the woods, and were sitting silently resting upon the trunk of a fallen tree, when a low, wailing sob met our ears. Kitty started, and pressing closer to my side exclaimed, 'What is it, sister?' 'Who's there?' I called out; no answer came, but the sobbing ceased. I gathered courage, and walked toward the spot from which the sound proceeded, but at that moment a small, dark figure rushed by me in the direction of the school-house, and we both exclaimed together, 'O! it must be the little girl in black!'

"After supper, our lessons being all learned, we concluded to have a grand, final game of hide-and-seek. It was my turn to hide, and Kitty being still too timid to leave my side, went with me. Quietly slipping off our shoes, we crept up stairs, and turning the handle of the first door we came to went in. It opened into a long passage lighted at the end by a large window, and there, curled up on the wide seat, with the bright moonlight streaming in upon her, sat the little girl in black. Our young hearts were touched by the sorrow expressed in her mourning garments, and in the deep dejection of her attitude; and Kitty pulled me along, saying, 'O, sister! let's go comfort her.'

She was a very dark child, with hair and eyes as black as the dress she wore, and as my sunny-haired sister, in her white dress, bent over her in the moonlight, the contrast was quite startling. Kitty was the first to speak.

"'Why don't you come and play with us?' said she; 'you look so sad, sitting here alone.'

"A passionate burst of tears, at first, was the only reply, then she answered rapidly:

"'I am sad, I do n't want to play, God means me to be alone!'

"Strange words to fall from the lips of a child not yet twelve years old!

"'O, no, no!' said Kitty; 'we shall be so glad to have you come with us, and I am sure God never wants any body to be alone.'

"Then, why did He take all that I had?" she said, almost fiercely; "mother, baby, and—O! my father?"

"The last name passed her lips in a perfect sob of grief. I stood powerless in the presence of such a mighty sorrow; but Kitty threw her white arms around her, and whispered, as the only consolation she could offer, 'God loves you!'"

"Then, why did He take them all from me?" said she; "tell me that."

"It was too hard a question for Kitty's theology; she had much faith but little knowledge, and she looked up at me with a mute appeal."

"Suppose we do not talk any more to-night about sad things," said I; "it is almost time for prayers; please, come down with us."

"Yes, do," said Kitty, "and perhaps you'll sleep in our room; that will be nice, for I am sure we shall love you very much."

"The little girl could not resist the softening influence of Kitty's loving tones, and a kiss, given there and then, was the first pledge of that deep affection which existed between them from that hour."

"On the following day, from Mrs. Hartly, I learned the history of the little stranger. Her name was Rachel Levering, and, as far as relations were concerned, she was really alone in the world. Her mother had died some five years previously, leaving the little Rachel and a babe, a few weeks old. Mr. Levering, being himself in a delicate state of health, had retired from business with an ample income, and in his quiet country home, with the aid of a good housekeeper, devoted himself to the rearing of his little, motherless ones. The baby grew in health and beauty, and just when its prattling voice was making sweet music in their home, the angel of death plucked the sweet flower to bloom beside its mother in the paradise of God. Henceforth Rachel and her father lived for each other alone, and when, at last, that father too was stricken down, and the hour of parting came, the grief of the daughter was unlike that of a child, in its intensity; and when all was over, she lay for weeks alternating between life and death. The guardian whom her father had appointed in his will, being a bachelor without any settled home, nothing was left for the poor child but a boarding-school. Fortunately the choice fell upon Mrs. Hartly's, and thus it came to pass that the *'little girl in black'* became a member of our happy circle."

"Those of the school-girls who resided in the town, always went home on Friday evening, and remained till the following Monday, while those from a distance were regular boarders. On this first Friday evening we both cried when we had to leave Rachel; the poor, solitary heart had found something to love and cling to, and as we drove off, leaving her standing upon the porch, with the old sad look upon her face, Kitty burst out:

"Sister! I'll never leave her again; let's beg mamma to let her come home with us always."

"It did not need much urging to persuade our loving mother to receive the little, friendless girl; and the next week she was carried off in triumph to our home. When papa first saw Rachel she was sitting on the sofa, with Kitty's arm thrown around her, reading from the same book. The contrast, I suppose, struck him forcibly, for, coming up to her, and playfully putting his hand on her head, he said:

"And so this is my *white kitten's* new friend? Why, you little black-eyed thing, I think I shall have to call you 'Gipsy.'"

"We were all startled by the passionate burst of tears which followed papa's playful speech; but mamma, taking Rachel away to soothe her, discovered that 'Gipsy' had been her father's pet name for her. Just so had he been used to smooth her hair, and call her his 'black-eyed Gipsy.'"

"Well, I must not linger any longer over our school days, though there are many pleasant incidents stored up in my memory connected with them, and which revealed the untold wealth of Rachel's loving nature. That passionate yet loving heart, under my good mother's teachings, learned to humble itself at the foot of the Cross, and there found that 'peace of God which passeth understanding.'"

"Upon leaving school Rachel became a permanent inmate

of our family, and, before many months had passed, we began to hope that she would be bound to us by closer ties than those of friendship. My eldest brother, Henry, who was practicing law at the South, returned to spend the Summer with us, and his boyish love was soon rekindled for the dark-eyed playmate of his youth, who had developed into such a queenly woman. The wooing sped on well, and the marriage was fixed for the following Winter, when our darling Kitty was taken ill; a severe cold caught while out on a boating excursion, developed that disease which had already proved fatal to so many of my mother's family; and then how hushed were the merry voices in our dwelling, when it was whispered that Kitty—our loving, gentle Kitty—might be taken from us. Ah! our forebodings were only too true; all through the Summer she drooped and faded, and when the Winter came Henry went home without his bride.

"Do not ask me to leave her," said Rachel; "never, while my hand can minister to a single want of hers—she, the guardian angel of my youth, who taught my poor, bleeding heart that life was still worth having."

"It was in the early Spring that Kitty passed away, as calmly as a baby falls asleep upon its mother's breast; we were all around her, and all had had some sweet words of farewell from those loved lips, when, with sudden energy, she threw her arm around Rachel, and drew her head down to the pillow, and there they lay, the dark locks and sunny ringlets once more entwined; the old, childish love was strong even in death—and thus Kitty entered into life."

"A very few more words, and you will know all that I have to tell you of the *little girl in black*. About a year after our sad bereavement, Rachel and I stood together at God's altar, and Henry took his bride to his Southern home, while I, also a happy wife, returned to the old homestead. And so my story has ended in approved style with a double wedding."

"And thank you, most heartily for it," said Mollie; "but the moment you mentioned the little girl in black, I guessed it was aunt Rachel, though I never knew before who dear cousin Kitty was named after; there will now always be a double charm connected with her name."

THE FEAR OF DEATH TAKEN AWAY BY A SIGHT OF THE SAVIOR.—The following beautiful incident was related to me by a mother: One of her little daughters was so very ill with a fever that her life was despaired of. She still, however, retained her mind in a conscious, active state, and was very much distressed with the fear of dying. Her distress continued for several days, when, one morning, with a countenance radiant with happiness, she told her mother that she was not afraid to die, that she had seen the Savior, and that as soon as she died he would take her in his arms and carry her to heaven.

She said that when she first saw him she was in a large, delightful room, with a company of little girls who were all preparing some beautiful present for him, except herself. He sat upon a glorious throne, and as she saw him in his glory and beauty, she longed to lay some offering at his feet. Many of the little girls were preparing elegant dolls, which they laid in his arms when they had finished decorating them; but she had nothing to give, and she wept because of her deep poverty, when looking up through her tears, she saw him smiling upon her, and she hastened to him, and threw herself into his arms; when his smile and words of welcome so rejoiced her that she awoke.

The dream was so real that she longed to die. Earth had no attractions for her, after having had a glimpse of heaven; and she would describe its glory in glowing words to all who came to see her, pleading with them to love the Savior. After remaining in a critical state for some time, she began to recover, to her great grief. She had been almost released from earth, but was required to return and work out her earthly mission. She retained for many years the vivid impression which this dream made upon her mind, and though for a time giddy and apparently thoughtless, she could not escape its remembrance; and when I last heard from her, she was living a consistent Christian life, and looking forward to a reunion of unending happiness with the Savior in his kingdom above.

M. K.

Inside Gleanings.

GENERAL JACKSON IN THE TENNESSEE CONFERENCE.—Not long before the death of the old veteran, the Tennessee Conference held its session at Nashville. By invitation he consented to visit the body. The time fixed was nine o'clock, Monday morning. The recollection of the scene that ensued will be perpetuated by a touching incident connected with it:

The Conference room being too small to accommodate the hundreds who wished to witness the introduction, one of the churches was substituted, and an hour before the time filled to overflowing. Front seats were reserved for the members of the Conference, which was called to order by the bishop, seated in a large chair by the altar just before the pulpit. After prayers the committee retired, and a minute afterward entered conducting the General. They led him to the bishop's chair, which was made vacant for him, the bishop meanwhile occupying another place within the altar.

The secretary was directed to call the names of the members of the Conference, which he did in alphabetical order, each coming forward and receiving a personal introduction to the ex-President, and immediately retiring to give place to the next. The ceremony had nearly been completed, when the secretary read the name of Rev. James T. An elderly gentleman, with a weather-beaten face, clad in a suit of jeans, arose and came forward. Few seemed to know him. He had always been on circuits on the frontier, and though always at Conference, he never troubled it with long speeches, but kept his seat, and said but little; that little, however, was to the purpose. Mr. T. came forward and was introduced to General Jackson. He turned his face toward the General, who said:

"It seems to me we have met before."

The preacher, apparently embarrassed, said:

"I was with you through the Creek campaign; one of your body-guard at the battle of the Horse-shoe, and fought under your command at New Orleans."

The General arose slowly from his seat, and throwing his long, withered, bony arms around the preacher's neck, exclaimed:

"We'll soon meet where there's no war; where the smoke of battle never rolls up in sulphurous incense!"

Never before or since have I seen so many tears shed as then flowed forth from the eyes of that vast assembly. Every eye was moist with weeping. Eleven years have passed away since that day. The old hero has been more than ten in his silent, narrow home. The voice that cheered the drooping fight, and thundered in the ear of routed armies, is silent forever. The old preacher, too, has fought his last battle, laid his armor by, and gone home to his eternal rest.

BISHOP JAMES ON OLD PREACHERS.—An exchange, the Christian Intelligencer, gives thanks to Bishop James for speaking "a brave word" on this subject. We fear that the Methodist Episcopal Church is more in need of brave words upon it than any other. We give the extract for the benefit of our readers, and especially for the benefit of all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

Bishop James, in a sermon before the Philadelphia Conference, took occasion to dwell on the prevailing mania to have none but young men in the pulpit, showing its disastrous influence upon the interests of religion. He then went on to say that if this matter "should go on as it has for the last few years, it will be but a very short period when the whole order of society will be reversed. In State and National Legislatures we will have laws requiring, not that no person shall be eligible to the position of Governor or President till

he is thirty to thirty-five years of age, but that no one shall be eligible after that age. Why, we shall have to ask the Divine Ruler to change his holy Word, and instead of reading, 'Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child;' read, 'Woe to thee when thy king is a man!'"

Thanks to Bishop James for speaking a brave word, which every body of Christians in the land needs to hear and regard.

MY MOTHER.—The following tender and touching passage is a cutting rebuke to those who are ashamed of their parents, or who fail to honor them because of their early lack of education, or their homely manners:

I am now so far advanced in life that my friends begin to call me old. But I have not lived long enough to learn why I should not still respect my mother, and regard her affectionately. She is quite advanced in years, and has nearly lost her sight. She sits within a few feet of me, sewing up a rent in my linen coat, while I write this. She knows not what I am writing. She has been a widow eight years, and is still toiling for the welfare of her children. She has never studied grammar, nor philosophy, nor music. These things were seldom taught in her young days; but she knows their value, and has toiled many a hard day to purchase books for her children, and support them at school. And shall I now curl the lip in scorn, or blush in company, to hear her substitute a verb of unity for one of plurality, or pronounce a word twenty years behind the Websterian era? Never—no, never! The old, dilapidated grammar in my library might testify against her style; but its testimony would be infinitely more terrible against my ingratitude. I recollect well when she rode seven miles, one cold Winter's day, to sell produce and purchase that book for me, when I was a little boy. It required a sacrifice, but "mother made it."

STRICT INTERPRETATION.—The traitors of the South, smitten with a trembling of the knees in view of the tremendous military preparations of the Federal Government for self-defense, are making a wonderful outcry about the President's transcending his powers. They have suddenly become strict interpretationists; and with about as much consistency as the gentleman's John in the following anecdote:

"John, I am going to Church, and if it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however, you need not come unless it should 'rain downright.'" The gentleman went. It did rain, but John had gone to the other end of the town to see Mary. His master came back with drenched garments and a look of implacable anger. "John, John," said he, "why did n't you bring the umbrella?" "Because, sir," replied John, "it rained slanting!"

A CHOICE OF RELIGIONS.—The following brief paragraph comprises a whole volume on "the Evidences:"

Five hundred years before the Christian era, Asia had given three great religions to the world—the Jewish, the Buddhist, and the Brahminical. How did these speak of the future? The Buddhist, full of wordy subtilities and muddy metaphysics, looks out into void space; and all the prospect he offers to his fellows is that of an absorption into the infinite, impersonal Mind, just as a rain-drop is lost in the ocean. The Brahmin looks downward among the brute orders, and says to the dying disciple, "Make your choice among the things that crawl, or that tread the earth; take what you like best, as the future home of your soul." Far otherwise speaks the Jew. Hear him by the mouth of Daniel: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever

and ever." As is to us on earth this firmament, as are to us these everlasting stars, such shall be the immortality of them that are wise toward God, and who are zealous and loving toward their fellow-men. Are any words needed to point the contrast further?

POLES VERSUS PRAYERS.—Some one gets off a good story illustrating an Irishman's idea of the place when prayers should come in. We hope our readers will not "skip the moral."

We heard, a night or two since, a tolerably good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during the late big blow on the Mississippi, at which time so many rafts were swamped, and so many steamboats lost their sky riggings. A raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar, and, expecting instant destruction, one of the raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes for an instant, he observed his companion, not engaging in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft.

"What 's that yer doin', Mike?" said he; "get down on yer knees now, for there is n't a minit between us and purgatory."

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with the pole; "be aisy, now! what 's the use of praying when a feller can tech bottom with a pole?"

Mike is a pretty fair specimen of a class of Christians much too large who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "tech bottom."

HOMAGE MEN PAY TO PIETY.—There is a sort of instinctive homage men pay to genuine piety, which tells powerfully in favor of religion:

A ship-master in New York, having discharged his crew and cargo, wanted a trusty man to take charge of his ship during a few days' absence in the country. John —, a sailor, was recommended. But he had no confidence in John, or any other sailor; he believed they would all steal when opportunities offered. However, as he could do no better, after having put every thing possible under lock and key, he duly installed John as shipkeeper. Before leaving the city next morning, he thought he would take an early peep at his ship. So he quietly stepped on board, and, unperceived, carefully opened the cabin door. There was John on his knees, with the Bible open before him! The Captain as carefully closed the door, and waited till John appeared, when he thus addressed him:

"John," at the same time handing him a bunch of keys from his pocket, "John, you may open all those drawers and trunks and air those things. John, keep a sharp look-out for those scamps along the wharves. John, keep every thing snug; I'll be back on Tuesday."

HOW VICTORIA EDUCATES HER CHILDREN.—The following passage from the notes of a visitor shows how Victoria educates her children. It would be a good thing for some of the aristocracy of wealth—the only aristocracy we have in this country, and the most pernicious of all aristocracies—to learn a lesson from the Queen of England with regard to the education of their own children:

At Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, a large portion of pleasure grounds is appropriated to the young princes and princesses, who have each a flower and a vegetable garden, green-houses, hot-houses, and forcing-frames, nurseries, tool-houses, and even a carpenter's shop. Here the royal children pass much of their lives. Each is supplied with a set of tools, marked with the owner's name; and here they work with the enthusiasm of an amateur and the zeal of an Anglo-Saxon.

Moreover, on this juvenile property is a building, the ground floor of which is fitted up as a kitchen, with pantries, closets, dairy, larder, all complete in their arrangements; and here may be seen the young princesses, arrayed *a la cuisiniere*, floured to the elbows, deep in the mysteries of pastry-making, like a rosy New England girl, cooking the vegetables from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, sometimes to partake among themselves, or to distribute to the poor of the neighborhood the results of their handiwork. The Queen is determined that nothing shall remain unlearned by her children; nor are the young people ever happier than during their sojourn at Osborne. Over the domestic establishment is a museum of natural history, furnished with curiosities collected by the young party in their rambles and researches—geological and botanical specimens, stuffed birds and animals, articles of their own construction, and whatever is curious or interesting, classified and arranged by themselves. Not plants alone are cultivated, but health, vigor, and liberality—every quality, in fact, that must tend to make them better men and women, and better fitted to fill the station Providence has allotted to them.

A MOTTO FOR THE SOLDIER.—In these warlike times any thing suggestive to the soldier can not be out of place:

Three years ago a pious sergeant in the British army was mortally wounded at the storming of Lucknow. His last words directed his Bible to be given to his mother. In it was found a scrap of paper containing these lines of Shakspeare, from "Henry V.":

"Every subject's duty is the king's; but
Every subject's soul is his own. Therefore
Should every soldier in the wars do as
Every sick man in his bed, work every
Mote out of his conscience; and dying
So, death is to him advantage; or not dying,
The time was blessedly lost, wherein such
Preparation was gained."

It were well if each "soldier in the wars" of our own army should keep a similar remembrance of the duty of working every mote out of his conscience, and should use the only possible means to this end, the one revealed in Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY AND ITS ARMS.—Many of us can do little more than pray in this time of our country's trial. The incident appended may suggest to us with what spirit and earnestness we should pray:

It is said that on the Sabbath day on which the bloody and long-doubtful battle of Inkerman was fought, the chaplain of the English Embassy in Constantinople, hundreds of miles away, and ignorant of the facts, in the midst of his formal repetitions, burst forth, as if by sudden inspiration, into an extemporaneous prayer in behalf of his country, which lengthened itself on and on till his congregation declared that he had prayed a full hour! We trust that an equal spirit of prayer will be found all over the loyal part of our country. Now that, by no fault of the Government, the bloody issue is joined, let all Christians beseech the God of hosts for his blessing upon those who hazard their lives at their country's call. Many can do nothing else but pray. Let them do it with fervor, and importunity, and faith, and they can move the arm of Him who moves the world.

NOT A FARTHING IN THE STOCKS.—All the world against the Emerald Isle for a strange mixture of wit and blunder; and yet Owld Ireland can stand the assault:

A son of the Emerald Isle, on being told that a friend of his had put his money into the stocks, replied, "Och, an' it's there ye are! Troth, an' I niver had a farthin' in the stocks; but, be the holy poker, I've had me brogues there oftener than I like, sure."

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

REV. W. F. WARREN.—The Mission Biblical Institute, at Bremen, is to be favored with the services of Rev. W. F. Warren as its administrative and educational head. The selection, which was made by Bishop Morris, is one that merits all commendation, and will no doubt be justified by the results.

BISHOP JAMES makes a tour of inspection to our German missions. He will preside at the Conference.

THE NEW YORK ANNIVERSARIES attracted less attention than usual in May last, owing mainly to the preoccupation of the public mind with the war. From the same cause the receipts of the various benevolent institutions have been generally diminished.

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS are likely to experience sad reverses by the falling off in their receipts during the year now transpiring. "The war" is absorbing all the available resources of the country. This is a matter which demands the earnest attention of all Christian men. The world will contribute to the resources of the nation; but to Christians must we look mainly to maintain the institutions of the Church, and especially the missionary and the Bible cause.

D. MEREDITH REESE, M. D., died in New York city on the 13th of May, aged sixty-one years. He was widely known as a professor of the theory and practice of medicine, and was the author of many valuable medical and scientific works, which have had a large circulation in this country and in Europe. In France especially his reputation as a surgical writer stood very high. He was for several years the conductor of the *American Medical Gazette*.

CHARLES LEVER, well known as an author of several popular works of fiction, died in Spezzia, Italy, in the latter part of April. He was a native of Dublin, Ireland.

HEAT AND COLD IN THE UNITED STATES.—The meteorological tables which accompany the report on the *Sickness and Mortality of the Army of the United States*, are very full and complete. It appears therefrom that the greatest thermometrical range, at any of the military posts, is 147 degrees, this being at Fort Ripley, Minnesota; at Fort Kent, in Maine, it is 137 degrees. The greatest degree of cold at the former post is 50 below zero, and at the latter 37 below zero. In not far from the same latitude, in the region of the lakes, and at a similar altitude, at Forts Brady and Howard, in Michigan, the range is scarcely less. At Fort Wilkins, on Lake Superior, which is almost surrounded by water, the degree of cold is only 9 below zero. In Washington Territory, at Fort Steilacoom, in the same latitude, the range is only 95 degrees, the mercury falling to only one degree below zero.

The greatest heat is at Fort Yuma, in Southern California, situated in latitude 32, on the Colorado River; the average maximum heat for three and a half years being 121 degrees, and the range 102. The least aver-

age range was at Fort Orford, Oregon, on the Pacific coast, in latitude 43, it being nearly the same as at Key West. The greatest amount of rain fell at Fort Pike, Louisiana, this measuring 71.92 inches, the least, at Fort Yuma, measuring 3.24 inches. At Fort Orford, Oregon, where the thermometrical range is least, the rain gauge indicated 68 inches of rain.

VALUATION OF NEW YORK STATE.—The report of the State assessors and the Board of Equalization for the year 1860, just published, contains the following summary of the real and personal estate in New York: Real estate, farm lands, \$864,312,746; corporations, cities, villages, excepting New York and Brooklyn, \$241,278,000; Brooklyn, \$145,800,000; New York city, \$694,115,797. Total real estate, \$1,945,506,543. Add to this the personal estate by town assessors, 1858, \$307,049,135. Total State assessors' valuation, 1859, \$2,252,555,678.

THE FIRST ORGAN.—The first organ ever heard in public worship in this country was sent from London in 1714. The organist came out from England with the instrument, as no person in the colony was to be found able to assume its charge. The first organ ever built in this country was made by Edward Bronfield, who died in August, 1756.

COLORS OF FISHES IN WARM LATITUDES.—Visitors from northern latitudes to Havana, Cuba, are surprised, among other things, to note the difference in the color and general appearance of the fish exposed for sale. Instead of the sober dull and drab colors common to the fish further north, they exhibit the most brilliant hues. Some are striped with bands of gold and silver, having a luster much like that of polished metals. The eels are covered with a shining blue, with white and yellow streaks.

METEORIC DUST UPON THE OCEAN.—Meteoric dust occasionally falls on the decks of vessels in the middle of the Atlantic. Besides a variety of mineral oxides, it has been found to contain as much as 18½ per cent. of organic matter, and often infusoria.

DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA.—Hitherto the Dutch have claimed for Holland the honor of the discovery of Australia, in 1606; recent researches show that it was discovered in 1601, by a Portuguese, Manoel Godinhodi Eredia.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S TROPHIES.—A revival is in progress among the British soldiers in India, particularly at Agra, where a Church of soldiers was founded by Sir Henry Havelock. The cantonment chapel and the Christian community which has occupied it for many years, sprang from the labors of this eminent man.

SMOKING IN JAPAN.—There is probably no people who indulge so unremittingly in the practice of smoking as the Japanese, not even the people of Holland and Germany. The Japanese indulge the habit even in their sleeping hours. The fiber of the Japanese tobacco

is extremely fine, somewhat resembling hemp, and its aroma is mild. It is smoked altogether in metallic pipes, clay never entering into the composition of a Japanese "dudeen." The wealthy use pipes of gold and silver, elaborately engraved, while the poorer classes content themselves with brass and iron pipes. The bowl of a Japanese pipe is smaller than a lady's thimble, and the quantity of the weed consumed diminutive in comparison with the contents of the huge meerschauums, chibouks, and narghiliars of the Orientals.

SILICATE OF POTASH.—M. Bru, curator of the museum at Narbonne, has discovered that silicate of potash possesses, in the highest degree, the property of uniting surfaces of stone, glass, and pottery. It is applied with a brush to the surfaces which it is desired to bring into contact, and in a few days acquires a great solidity. It appears that the same material can also be successfully used in joinery, and for all the purposes to which common glue is applied.

A RAILROAD BATTERY.—The Philadelphia Ledger states that the determination to reconstruct the bridges on the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, destroyed by a mob from Baltimore, has led to the construction of a railroad battery by the Federal Government, at the locomotive works of Baldwin & Co., in that city. One of the long platform baggage cars has been fitted with sides and top of thick sheet-iron, the sides having port-holes and loop-holes for musketry. A turn-table has been arranged, on which a rifle cannon is to be placed. The carriage for the gun is so constructed that it can be fired from any angle, and from any one of the port-holes in the sides or end of the car. In place of shot or shell for the cannon, pieces of iron punched from locomotive boilers will be used as loads. This car is to be placed in front of a locomotive, and with fifty men inside, armed with Minié rifles, and seamen to work the cannon, there are but few more terrible instruments of destruction.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The amount of paper manufactured in Great Britain the past year was 223,575,285 pounds. The net produce of the duty was about \$6,500,000.

VICTORIA FALLS IN THE ZAMBESI.—During the late expedition of Dr. Livingstone up the Zambesi, in Africa, he measured the height and breadth of Victoria Falls on that river. Their height is 300 feet; breadth, 2,000.

EXPERIMENT IN MAKING BUTTER.—The American Agriculturist states that Mr. Zoller, of St. Lawrence county, at the request of the Commissioners of the State Agricultural Society, as we learn by their report, made an experiment as to the too much discussed modes of making butter. He took 208 quarts of milk and strained into pans, set till the cream had thoroughly risen, and skimmed and churned cold, and obtained 17½ lbs. of butter, ready for packing. The next day he took the same quantity of milk, strained it into the churns, and let it stand till sour, but not loppered, then churned and treated in the same manner, and obtained 19½ lbs. of butter. Analysis alone can show whether the increased quantity of the second is caused by a larger percentage of casein, or by more perfectly extracting the butter. If the quality of the butter is equally good,

Mr. Zoller's method is worthy of the attention of our dairy men.

BENZINE FOR PLANTS.—The London Gardeners' Chronicle gives the following advice respecting the destruction of insects on plants: "As our houses and gardens are always, more or less, infested with vermin, it is satisfactory to know that benzine, an article become sufficiently well known as a detergent, is no less efficacious as an agent in insecticide. One or two drops are sufficient to asphyxiate the most redoubtable insect pest, be it beetle, cockchafer, spider, slug, caterpillar, or other creeping things. Even rats and mice will speedily decamp from any place sprinkled with a few drops of the potent benzine. A singular fact connected with this application of benzine is, that the bodies of insects killed by it become so rigid that their wings, legs, etc., will break rather than bend, if touched. Next day, however, when the benzine has evaporated, suppleness is restored."

NICKEL IN SMALL COINS.—The Belgian Government has followed the example of the United States in the use of nickel in small coins. The Belgian pieces are to be of the value of 1, 2, and 4 cents, and will contain at least 25 per cent. of nickel.

FORMATION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGE.—M. Testelin, in a little work published in Paris, attempts to show that the formation of the photographic image is a physical and not a chemical effect. He considers the "electric polarity" to be the exciting cause.

A NEW POLISHING POWDER.—Oxyd of chromium, when reduced to fine powder, is one of the best reducing and polishing substances for metals known; it is superior to the finest emery for polishing steel.

THE WONDERS REVEALED BY THE MICROSCOPE.—The microscope discovers to us that the mold on bread, and other provisions, in damp, warm weather, is a dense forest in miniature, and has its regular trees, and trunks, and branches, with their buds, and leaves, and flowers, and fruit.

THE NEW COLORS MAUVE AND MAGENTA.—The London Chemical News announces a discovery by which the new colors mauve and Magenta are printed not only with superior bloom and luster to any thing before seen, but also in colors which stand boiling, soap, and hard rubbing.

COPPER ON THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—On raising portions of the Atlantic telegraph cable in Trinity Bay, the iron wires were found partially coated in many places with copper, supposed to have come from veins of copper known to exist under water off the Newfoundland coast.

OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT ARARAT.—The Emperor of Russia has given \$25,000 for the establishment of a permanent observatory on Mount Ararat, near Tiflis.

SUPPLY OF IRON ORE IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION.—There is as much iron ore in the Lake Superior region alone as could supply the whole world with iron for centuries. This ore extends over a large tract of country, and sometimes rises into hills several hundred feet high. It contains from 75 to 80 per cent. of pure metal, of excellent quality.

Library Notices.

(1.) **LITTLE FOOTPRINTS IN BIBLE LANDS.** By J. H. Vincent. With an Introduction by Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D. New York: Carlton & Porter.—This is an issue from our Sunday School department, and a most timely one so far as the wants of our Sunday school classes are concerned. It comprises lessons in sacred history and geography, and is accompanied with suitable maps for illustration. The use of such a book as this will insure something substantial in the studies of the Sunday school. We fear our Sunday school instruction has generally become too light and trashy. This is a step in the direction of remedy. Let it be followed by others. In the mean time we would earnestly invite the attention of all Sunday school officers to the advantage to be derived from making this volume one of the essential text-books in their course of study.

(2.) **LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,** April, 1861.—1. The Pearls and Mock Pearls of History. 2. Euphuism. 3. Lord Dundonald. 4. Spiritual Destitution in the Metropolis. 5. German, Flemish, and Dutch Art. 6. African Discovery. 7. Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt. 8. Indian Currency, Finance, and Legislation. 9. Iron Manufacture.

(3.) **NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,** May, 1861.—1. Present Movement in the Church of England. 2. Alexis de Toqueville. 3. The Poems and Plays of Robert

Browning. 4. Bishop Hurd and his Contemporaries. 5. Railway Accidents. 6. Motley's United Netherlands. 7. Berkeley's Idealisms. 8. Dr. John Brown's Horse Subseivæ. 9. The Educational Question in Scotland. 10. The Christian Architecture of Europe. 11. The American Secession.

(4.) **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,** May, 1861.—1. The Ministry and the Budget. 2. Mrs. Beauchamp's Vengeance. 3. Motley's History of the Netherlands. 4. The Euthanasia of the Ottoman Empire. 5. The Executor. 6. The Origin of Speech—a New Song. 7. Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Earl Stanhope.

These three periodicals are the American reprints, and are published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York. George N. Lewis is the agent in Cincinnati.

(5.) **PAMPHLETS.**—1. Minutes of the Pittsburg Conference, 1861—Bishop Ames, President; I. C. Pershing, Secretary. 2. Minutes of the Providence Conference, Bishop Simpson, President; M. J. Talbot, Secretary. 3. Sabbath School Manual of the Galena District, R. R. Conference. 4. Catalogue of Emory and Henry College, Va., Rev. E. E. Wiley, D. D., President—266 students. 5. Catalogue of East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, Me., Robert P. Bucknam, Principal—students, 322.

New York Library Correspondence.

War and Literature—Patriotic Songs—Yankee Doodle—Hail Columbia—Star-Spangled Banner—The American Flag—Fascity of Excellent Heroic Songs—Song of Callistratus—Latin Heroes—Milton's War Sonnets—Cromwellian Odes—Patriotic Ballads of Scotland—Characteristics of a National Hymn—Program of Revolutions—A Discovery made by Harper's Weekly—Belligerent Monuments and Motives—Ignorance of our Country's History—Books and the Book Trade.

Arma virumque cano is now the song of the season. The military excitement is so engrossing that nothing can harmonize with the popular sentiment but the clang of war and the pean-songs of patriotism. If, indeed, as the wise man tells us, "to every thing there is a season," so also to every thing there are unseasonable epochs—and just such a one is now upon the occupations of all literary *dilettanti*. Like the voice of the cricket in the hearth which is heard only in the still hour, or the tuneless chirping of the sparrow, which is cared for only in the absence of more exciting sounds, the quiet utterances of the merely thoughtful are disregarded during the prevalence of the storm of passions and excitements of contending armies. I am quite too wise to attempt to stem this rushing current, and possibly were the whole truth told it might appear that even your quiet-loving correspondent has not wholly escaped the effects of this great social epidemic. At any rate I yield to it, and accordingly will write of things political and patriotic.

In these times one is compelled to hear a great deal of what is by courtesy called martial music, and "patriotic songs" and "national airs" are in demand. Though only a dull scholar in the mysteries of modulated sounds, yet by much hearing I have become able to distinguish some of the most

frequently-performed pieces. Of course my criticisms upon them can be of but little value; still, since I am compelled to hear, so I may claim the privilege to think on the subject, and, of course, to utter my cogitations. And, shall I say it? I confess that neither our national airs nor our patriotic songs seem to me to be up to the demands of the case. I say this, not forgetting the name and fame of "Yankee Doodle," which, however, whether in its character or its origin, can lay but a slight claim to the position of a national anthem. As a song it is saved from utter contempt only by considering it as a burlesque or a nursery piece, and as a musical composition it is quite outside of the pale of criticism. The history of that famous piece is a little curious. It was first recognized as martial music in the British colonial army during the French and Indian war of a hundred years ago, when it was arranged and brought into use in the campaign against Forts Niagara and Frontenac. The troops employed in that expedition afterward formed the nucleus of the Revolutionary army, and, of course, "Yankee Doodle" was one of the pieces performed by their bands. Its poverty as a musical composition excited the ridicule of the British, and in return the Americans persisted in using it, and even in some degree made it their national air. But even when first used in the Provincial army the tune was not original; it has been traced back to the times of Charles I, of England, and after the Restoration it was set to one of the frivolous songs of the court of Charles II. It has also been detected at even an earlier date among the common people of Holland, where it was long ago used as a song of the reapers. After all probably this production comes more nearly up to the requirements

of a national song than any other; for though altogether deficient as to intrinsic merit, it has a legendary antiquity, and possesses the prestige of heroic associations—and possibly its artistic defects may render it all the more acceptable to our musically-uncultured masses.

A better case, in some particulars, may be made out in favor of "Hail Columbia," though in fact it is less popular, and not so distinctly American in its use and associations. Its literary history is interesting. It was written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkins, an eminent member of the Philadelphia bar, and son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. At that time the country was very violently agitated by European politics. The French Revolution was in full progress, and while a portion of the American people warmly sympathized with the revolutionists, another portion, with Washington at their head, as decidedly distrusted them; and so inclined to sympathize with Great Britain. The hot blood of our own Revolution still animated our people, and party strife became exceedingly violent and bitter; and while one party was all French and the other all British, any properly American sentiment seemed not to be thought of. It was, therefore, the design of this piece to arouse a national spirit, which, disregarding the contests of European belligerents, should look to our own rights and our national renown. The song was first produced upon the stage in one of the Philadelphia theaters while Congress was in session in that city, and was received with great favor, and at once became a rage, drawing crowded houses during a protracted season, and being often ecored, the audience joining in the chorus. A general enthusiasm was gotten up by it, and it soon became, at least for a season, a great national song. It still holds a prominent place among our patriotic pieces, but it has never become really popular.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was written by Francis S. Key, of Maryland, in 1813, during the war with Great Britain, and it was composed with special reference to the flying of the American ensign over Fort M'Henry during its bombardment by the British previous to their attack on Baltimore. Both the poetry and the music to which it has been set are noble and spirited; but these very excellences render the piece unsuitable for popular use and effect; and its allusions to the facts upon which it was founded often render its significance obscure.

As a poetical production "The American Flag," by Joseph Rodman Drake—the well-known author of "The Culprit Fay," and one of the very first of American poets—stands without a rival. It is a genuine patriotic ode, of a high order—quite too high indeed ever to become a popular song. Its sentiments are specially adapted to our present national contest, in which that "flag" is eminently the symbol of the Government and the loyal cause in opposition to the traitorous purposes of the country's enemies; but it is at once too artificial in its structure and too elevated in its thoughts to become especially popular as a national song.

Thinking upon these things has led me to consider the state of the case at other times and among other nations; and my examination has led me to think that there have been but few really-excellent heroic songs. The ancient Greeks give us scarcely more than a single one; but, as in nearly every thing they give us, that one is a model production. The song of Callistratus to *Harmodius* and *Aristogiton* stands unrivaled among productions of its class, and may be studied as a model by any one who may adventure the perilous undertaking of supplying our national want. I quote it at length in Lord Denman's version; for though it suffers greatly by the translation, it is, as there seen, a piece of rare excellence—and though nearly every body has seen it, yet it is always worth the space it may occupy:

"I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low;
When patriots burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;
The heroes' happy Isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Athens's adverse fame
He knelt and never rose again.

While Freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good;
You dared to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality."

The ancient Latin classics have nothing to compare with this, as a popular war song, or, rather, a heroic commemoration of a bold achievement followed by the highest national consequences. The Horatian odes are unrivaled by any thing of their kind; but they—though some of them are eminently heroic—are not of this kind. They are better adapted to the closet than to the crowd, and require for effective musical accompaniments the finished performances of the orchestra rather than the full but uncultivated chorus of the multitude. English poets have done less in that specialty than in almost any other, for they celebrate scarcely any great event of their early national history. Milton's sonnets on some of the stirring events of his times have the true ring of the battle hymn, and these, together with several Cromwellian odes by other poets, seem to designate that period as the most truly heroic one in English history. Scotland has been more productive in this particular than her sister kingdom. The patriotic ballads which formerly floated among her people, often possessed a good share of poetic fire, and more recently the compositions of her gifted sons—Burns, Campbell, and Scott—have not only rescued the local legends from oblivion, but have shed the aroma of a genuine nationality around the very name of Scotland.

A national hymn combining both poetry and music, is among the appliances requisite for developing the character and maintaining the national spirit of a people. Strong feelings, especially those of a devotional character, naturally seek to clothe themselves in rhythmical language. Christian worship abounds in its devotional songs, which are deep and fervid in proportion to the strength of religious convictions and the activity of religious exercises; and as these are at first the fruits of spiritual fervors, so in turn they reproduce their causes. So patriotism vents its emotions in heroic songs—first, as the spontaneous outpourings of full souls, and afterward as talismanic formulas by which to evoke its own inspiration, and to arouse itself to an intenser vitality. How effective these may become is seen in the power of the "Marseillaise" over the hearts of the French; and a sadly-interesting illustration of its power was lately given, when the Polish patriots, who had assembled to present a petition for the restoration of their nationality and were fired upon by the Russian soldiery, fell upon their knees and died singing their national anthem. For a great nation to be without a national hymn seems to imply that its patriotic convictions are but superficial, and that it lacks those lessons of deep experience which are learned only on great occasions.

A national hymn, in order to be popular—that is, to be really national—must utter sentiments to which the popular heart shall instinctively and earnestly respond, while its rhythm and music shall be such as the multitude can appreciate. There is much more danger of erring by too much refinement and excess of artistic finish than by any deficiency of these qualities. Strong and simple expressions of patriotic devotion in unadorned iambics—the expressions brief and nervous even to abruptness, and the sentiment warm and earnest, are the requirements for the poetry; while for the music, a plain and artless air—a melody that may be readily learned by rote and performed by undisciplined organs, is alone requisite. Just now we greatly need just such a national song, to briefly but succinctly embody the wonderful sentiment of devotion to our country's integrity and welfare, which now warms and animates all truly American hearts; a song that all might learn, and a melody that all might chant, and in whose chorus thousands of lusty voices might blend in heightened melody. But while Government may create armies and provide the appliances of battle, and thousands of patriots may pour out their gold like dust and their blood like water, the muse is not so commanded.

The first condition of a genuine inspiration is truth, after which nothing is requisite but earnestness; and usually wherever the first predominates the other will not be altogether wanting. But in public affairs there is usually so much of policy, conceding or distorting the true aspects of things, that the heart grows sick at the sight of them, and all inspiration is effectually quenched. The spirit of revolution—the untamed because unconquered spirit of freedom—never yet was prudent, as placemen count prudence, because it strikes directly for the right and the true, regardless of prescriptions and fearless of armed tyranny. American patriotism never uttered its infant cries till, emancipating itself from the authority of the venerable abuses of a foreign domination, it asserted the indefeasible sacredness of human rights; and the voice of that patriotism has long been stifled by a complicity with a giant organic wrong among our civil institutions. Nor are the American people now prepared to renounce that wrong and to accept the consequences of the political creed to which they subscribed, with many qualifications and secret mental reservations. And for this cause there is a lack of heartiness in our patriotism—of that glowing enthusiasm which vents itself in song; and as we have not a full heart in the business, the heart's utterances are not elicited. A curious result of this state of things is just now manifested. Blindly conscious of this want of a spontaneous and jubilant enthusiasm in our newly-awakened patriotism, somebody has offered a prize for a suitable national ode. The thing itself has an odor of simony about it; but as in the case of the sorcerer of Samaria, the divine gift can not be purchased by money. But lest some fearless spirit should recklessly blurt out the whole truth in burning numbers, the caution is used to forewarn such that nothing can be accepted that is not equally adapted to all portions of the country. In a war against traitors it seems that nothing must be uttered against treason, and in a contest, designed to rescue the nation from ruin into which it has been almost submerged by its guilty complicity with slavery, nothing must be said about the eradication of that pestilent enormity! The play of Hamlet, with Hamlet's part omitted, is only a faint illustration of this course of proceedings. But happily revolutions, when once inaugurated, do not stop at the points designated by their authors, and in their progress they often carry their agents to lengths from which they at first would have drawn back in horror. And I am not without hope in this case, as the Herald and Express of our city—the former hitherto distinguished for uniformly favoring whatever was wrong, and the latter for an insane proclivity to eat Southern dirt—have both become patriotic; and even Harper's Weekly has made the discovery that there is a North. I am, however, quite certain that a very wide change in the sentiments and political convictions of our people is still needed, and must be reached before we can have peace on the basis of popular liberty.

Did it ever occur to you to observe how large a share the symbols and monuments of patriotism are of a belligerent character, and often rebellions? Our Concords and Lexingtons, our Bunkers Hills and Trentons are all specimens and examples of that state of facts; while of the two leader-States of the Revolution, Virginia has for her escutcheon the Genius of Liberty trampling upon tyranny with the legend, *sic semper tyrannis*—perhaps a thousand years hence that will be mistaken for a medal to the honor of John Brown—while Massachusetts proclaims that she "with the sword seeks sweet peace under Liberty"—a motto borrowed from Sidney, but happily expressing the stern, liberty-loving spirit of the founders of that renowned commonwealth. I have sometimes regretted that these things are so, but somehow there seems to be a kind of necessity that the tree of liberty should be nurtured with blood, and that as the Church is spiritually militant, so must the State perpetually lean upon the sword. It is very certain that the "good time" promised in the song is yet a good way off, and that there is a good deal for "cannon-balls" to do before "the pen shall supersede the sword." The vocation of the Peace Society seems to be quite in abeyance, and as for the millennium it would appear to have been indefinitely postponed, only unless there may be a lingering suspicion that war itself is the surest harbinger of peace.

Apropos to this subject are certain reflections that have floated through my mind respecting the popular knowledge, or, rather, want of knowledge, of our national history. There has seemed to me to be among our better class of young and even middle-aged people, a sad defect of information respecting our country's history; and a pretty extensive acquaintance, on my part, with the course of instruction pursued in our schools, from the common schools to the colleges, has assured me that history—the most valuable of liberal studies—is almost entirely neglected by them. This fact is as manifest to all who will take the pains to think of it as it is remarkable and deplorable. With our fathers the stories of the Revolutionary conflict were familiar as household words, made so by the personal relations of those who had witnessed its stirring events and suffered its hardships; but these have gradually faded out, till, with the fourth generation, now the younger half of the living mass, they have become exceedingly shadowy or almost entirely unknown. To cherish the memory of the men and deeds of the heroic times of a country, is a means necessary to the maintenance of the spirit of patriotism. The ancient Israelite recounted to his children the great exploits of the exodus and of the conquest of Canaan, to stimulate in them sentiments of patriotic piety, and the Athenians, in the days of their splendor, sung of the slaying of the tyrants and the establishment of equitable government in their commonwealth. States must have their heroes, and a kind of hero-worship seems to be essential to the growth and perpetuity of active and effective patriotism; and the mighty deeds of the heroes must be known in order to be admired and celebrated. The initial period of any great movement in human affairs usually presents most clearly its vital elements, as in the Christian world we refer to apostolic times, and for its distinctive doctrines to the age of the Reformation. There can be no question that a more thorough and comprehensive acquaintance with the men and deeds of our Revolutionary times, by the people generally, would at once quicken our laggart zeal for the country's glory, and rectify our notions as to the genius of our institutions. This neglect of the study of history in our schools of all grades is, to me, a matter of surprise as well as of regret. If a moiety of the time and labor, bestowed almost uselessly upon unintelligible lessons of grammar and arithmetic, were directed to the study of our own history, an irksome labor would be replaced by a pleasant exercise, and valuable information and healthful culture would be gained by it. Our children should be made familiar with the deeds and the characters of the fathers of the country, and with the nature of the great civil institutions which they reared and their subsequent workings—that thereby they might be assimilated to their characters and stimulated to like heroic deeds.

You will scarcely expect me to tell you any thing respecting the movements of the world of letters just now. If any such movements were in progress they could hardly be recognized for the more violent commotions of armies and squadrons; but I have good reason for saying that all such movements are on a very limited scale. Of the new books announced for publication for the present season, some have been withdrawn or delayed, and only a few have braved the dearth of the season—most of which have attracted comparatively little attention. The legitimate book-trade is at a stand-still, and even "slaughter" sales at auction fail to attract the usual gatherings of buyers. Not long since the great house of Derby & Jackson succumbed to the financial crisis, and its immense and valuable stock passed into the hands of a "receiver," by whom the whole was offered at retail for half-price. For a little while buyers were attracted, but they soon fell off again, and now the most tempting specimens of book-making, offered at ridiculously low prices, fail to charm even the farthest-gone bibliomaniacs. I have long suspected that book-fancying is the result of a partial derangement; I am now convinced also that it is epidemic in its operations—and certainly at this time the fit is not on.

Two books from Carleton & Porter have lately come under my notice and elicited my admiration. The first was published some time ago—"The History of the Great Reformation," by Rev. T. Carter, of the New York Conference, which,

though unpretending and upon a subject quite destitute of novelty, is at once attractive in its style and matter, and valuable as tracing from its early buddings the growth of the great Protestant element in Europe. To the great body of readers comprehensive histories like those of Merle D'Aubigne and Milman are inaccessible, more for lack of opportunity to read them than for want of means to buy them; and for such, a compendium of this kind is invaluable. Commend Mr. Carter's book to all your readers, as the thing needed by them to open to their minds and hearts the painful progress of the Protestant faith, from the times of Wickliffe to its complete restoration, in the sixteenth century. The other is

Rev. R. S. Maclay's "Life among the Chinese," just now from the press. The writer has spent thirteen years among the scenes he describes, and has collected, and here details a great amount of valuable information respecting the affairs of the empire, the character and manners of the people, and especially of the success of missionary labors among them. The book is at once a valuable contribution to the general fund of Oriental intelligence, and a vindication of the cause of missions in that country. As a Methodist, Mr. Editor, you may be proud of the book and its author, who, I learn, returns immediately to resume his life-work in the "flowery land." *Salom.*

Editor's Table.

THE MORNING TOILET.—There is a lightness and airiness about this picture exceedingly pleasing to the eye. Withal it is life-like and home-like. Bub and Sis are fresh from their night-couches. We suspect Bub's gaiter is rather tight, but "it's got to go on," or we fail to read his countenance aright. Puss is just saying good morning to Sis. They are evidently old acquaintances and on good terms. There are a great variety of homes in the land, some very splendid and some very poor; but the happiest home is that where there is the most goodness and love.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD EDITOR?—An exchange makes some capital points in attempting an answer to this question. He says:

A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliancy, brief and grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the Times to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common-sense." Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and Disraeli failed; Barnes, Stirling, Phillips succeeded; and Delane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters, and combines; and to do this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another.

PROF. J. A. REUBELT.—This gentleman will be recognized by our readers as the contributor of several able papers to the pages of the Repository. He has been in the South teaching for some years, occupying the post of a professor in the Alabama University at Greensboro, at a promised salary of \$2,500 per annum. At the beginning of our political troubles he sent his family north, and soon after he was compelled to follow. The chivalry could not stand the tincture of abolitionism in the Professor's Greek and Latin. Professor Reubelt ranks among the very best of our classical scholars and teachers. We trust he will soon find a position in some of our Northern colleges.

DRS. SEHON AND HUSTON, somewhat identified with this city, but now residing at Nashville, Tennessee, are both reported as having become secessionists—the former preaching in favor of secession; the latter having become the captain of an artillery company, for which service he is admirably fitted.

SUSPENSION OF THE BALTIMORE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—The suspension of the Baltimore Christian Advocate is announced in a half sheet of that paper issued May 18, 1861. The editor says:

The derangement of the mails, the calling off of the printers from their usual avocation to perform military duty, the difficulty of procuring a supply of paper, and, above all, the stoppage of the usual remittance of funds from our agents and patrons, have impelled us to this most disagreeable course.

DR. MCCLINTOCK.—Loyal Americans will not soon forget the defense of our country made by Dr. McClintock at the Wesleyan missionary meeting in London. It was most opportune, and produced a thrilling effect. We are sorry, however, to see that several of the Wesleyan journals, the Provincial Wesleyan for instance, exhibit an almost satanic comfort at the idea that our Republic is crumbling to ruins. We shall hereafter understand these brethren a little better.

REV. L. HITCHCOCK.—Our own early residence in Cincinnati was marked by the visitation of death in our household, and we laid away two of our little ones to sleep the long sleep on the banks of the Ohio. A like affliction has fallen upon our friend and collaborer, the Rev. L. Hitchcock. But, we thank God that in his case it was only one, and not two, as was feared at one time might be the case. His family are now quite well, and have found no cause of ill health, we believe, in the change of climate.

REV. DR. TEFFT.—We are glad to see that our old friend and predecessor in this office, has so far recovered his health as to be returned "effective" this year. He is stationed in Bangor, Maine.

LITHOGRAPHS BY MIDDLETON & STROBRIDGE.—This lithographing and engraving firm have just issued four pictures well adapted to the season. The first is a "war map," embracing the range of country from Philadelphia and Harrisburg on the north to Norfolk on the south, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the western line of Maryland. The second is a "map of the United States," showing the location of the forts, railroads, etc. The other two are portraits of General Scott and Col. Anderson. They are all finely executed, and reflect great credit upon the publishers.

THE OLD SCHOOL GENERAL ASSEMBLY, after an earnest debate and determined opposition, finally passed

resolutions, by a vote of 154 to 66, recognizing the obligations of Christian men to sustain the Government. The pro-slavery wing will hardly submit to such a recognition of honest fealty, and we may now look for the rending asunder of this Church also on the hideous rock of slavery. It is about time that so destructive an institution should itself be destroyed.

THE NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—The editor of this paper, Rev. I. S. Bingham, has glided into his editorial work as though he was born to be an editor. He makes a capital paper.

THE TEXAS ADVOCATE AND THE REPOSITORY.—Our Southern exchanges, notwithstanding the "dead fly," express a kind appreciation of the Repository. The Texas Advocate says, in a recent number:

The Ladies' Repository, for March, is a splendid number. The engravings are, "Homo Again" and "Rosa Bonheur," with her hat off, out of doors, sketch-book in one hand, and one arm thrown over the shaggy neck of an unmistakable quadruped with cloven hoofs. The intellectual Rosa is in a brown study, and the sensible animal seems to be reflecting upon the peculiar happiness of having a great woman for a mistress. The literature of the number is abundant, varied, good. The editor is not free from the prejudices of his section, nor from the disposition to put them forth. There is no harm, however, in our getting a bit of the mind of outsiders, occasionally. It would be more pleasant if it were not so evident that the wish is father to every unfavorable northern thought of southern affairs. But no matter, our neighbors are "outward consciences," and though there be no "soul of goodness," there may be to us a considerable body of benefit, in their carplings. We might never have enjoyed the delights of separation from our Northern friends if they had been less assiduous in their efforts to make disunion a necessity. Two lovers once had a quarrel on the edge of a precipice, and in presence of the object of their rivalry. Finally one gave the other a push, which was intended to send him over the bank, but only sent him into the arms of—as the pastorals would say—"the fair," in which interesting situation he doffed his hat and thanked his envious rival for "value received, without raising the question of intention."

A PARLEY WITH SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Some of our occasional contributors seem peculiarly exercised about the fate of their contributions. One says: "I asked you to at least acknowledge the receipt of my article, and four weeks have passed without hearing from you." We make no such acknowledgments. Our contributors ought not to expect it. Another says: "It is six weeks since I sent my article, and it has not appeared yet." If your article had been accepted, and there had been nothing in the way of its immediate use, it could not have appeared in six weeks. Besides, a large amount of matter is on file waiting its turn, and, other things being equal, "first come first served" is a just rule. Another says: "More than a year ago I sent you an article on —, and since that have sent three others, none of which have appeared. Please inform me what has become of them." They are probably on our reserve list. Another says: "As you have declined my communications, please return them." We have repeatedly informed our contributors we can do no such thing. We need not go into a statement of the reasons. Every editor who has attempted any thing of the kind knows them. Contributors should keep duplicate copies of their manuscripts if they wish to preserve them. Another inquires: "Why are my articles always rejected?" The

editor, being a rather modest man, would rather leave the reader to infer the reason than to express it.

Our readers must not infer that the editor and his correspondents are not on good terms. No editor and his correspondents can be on better. We will demonstrate it by giving a specimen from the pile before us:

DEAR DOCTOR,—Something more than a year since, I sent you an article, and at a later date another, neither of which has as yet appeared, nor have they been noticed as declined. These facts induce me to write you a word of inquiry in reference to them. What has become of them? Have they reached you? I have waited month after month, till a whole year or more is gone. You may be assured that I am suffering under the suspense. Perhaps, however, this is premature, as waiting another month may decide my fate. Aware of the annoyances of an editor's life, I would not superadd a single grievance, and if any apology be needed for the intrusion of this line, it may be found in the aforementioned circumstances. In times of war like these one feels a strong aversion to *neutrality*—to being no *where*—and if my articles will not "pass muster," being too long or too short, or not sufficiently matured, or in some respect *unsound*, please say so and relieve me of my long-endured suspense. I had rather go forth at once to the execution and die than remain in this prison of anxiety any longer. Be assured, then, I shall not secede from my valued and well-tried friend the Repository for any cause, and especially for so slight a one as the rejection of any thing I might write. With my best wishes for your continued success in your arduous work I remain, etc.

DR. NAST'S COMMENTARY.—We are glad to announce that this excellent work will appear in English as soon as the times warrant. We have not given to it the notice it deserves. But we are now glad to be able to lay before our readers a translation of a notice by Dr. W. Hoffmann, superintendent of the Prussian Church, and court chaplain. Under date of April 20th, he notices the Commentary in the *New Evangelische Kirchen Zeitung*, as follows:

Although there has been already given a short notice of Dr. Nast's Critical and Practical Commentary, it deserves a further appreciation by this journal as the organ of the principles of the Evangelical Alliance. For inasmuch as the author has collected from the best exegetical works of German and English divines, of different denominations, what serves best to give the true sense of the Holy Writ, his work is adapted to exhibit clearly the fundamental idea of the Evangelical Alliance—that the whole evangelical Church is built upon the same foundation, and that her different members may acknowledge each other as brethren, and benefit each other without renouncing their historical and legitimate peculiarities. The author remarks justly in his preface that a mere translation of a German Commentary into English or of an English into German can not satisfy the wants peculiar to each nation, but that the proper comparison and melting of the theological literature of both nations would contribute to its completion, correction, and enrichment.

It has already been remarked in the previous notice of this work that the theological stand-point of the author is that of a full, unconditional acceptance of the divine Revelation, based upon thorough scientific research, and entirely free from dogmatical prepossessions or denominational prejudices. With as much sincerity as thoroughness, the author meets every important question and every exegetical difficulty; convinced that thorough research can do no injury to truth, he does justice to different views, and proceeds in his investigations so objectively and impartially that the reader does not become aware of his being a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The main object of the work is to collect the results of the best exegetical works, and to lay them down in a great systematic and yet popular thesaurus of sacred interpretation. By an ingenious arrangement the historical and geographical notes, emendations of the text, introductory explanations,

proper exegesis, and the practical application are so distinguished from one another that the great richness and variety of the material can be easily overlooked.

Another aim of the author is to make the results of modern evangelical theology the common property of the people, and to give to the laity the weapons against the wide-spread infidelity into their own hands. This apologetical purpose has especially the General Introduction, which comprises the quintessence of the whole apologetically-critical literature in as thorough as lucid manner. The seven chapters of this Introduction treat of the basis upon which the New Testament canon rests, of the apostolical origin of the New Testament writings, of the historical credibility of the evangelists, of the person of Christ, of inspiration, of the relation of the New Testament to the Old, and of the principles of the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. Under these topics we find an investigation of the most important questions of theology, as, for instance, respecting the authenticity and integrity of the canon, the mythical hypothesis, definition of miracles, relation of the divine to the human nature of Christ, types, prophecies, relation of reason to faith, etc.

This rich and variegated Introduction is composed with as much theological learning as tact, and the same thoroughness and skillfulness shows itself in the exegetical exposition. The work is written in a flowing and perspicuous style; in a few instances only there are foreign words used where it might have been avoided. The typographical execution leaves nothing to wish; typographical errors are very rare. May the author be permitted to complete this work as he has begun it, and spread thereby a rich blessing!

ANOTHER TESTIMONY.—Now that our hand is in we take another notice. It is from the New Evangelical Church Journal, organ of the Evangelical Alliance, published at Berlin:

Dr. William Nast has commenced a large critical and practical Commentary on the New Testament. The first five numbers of this work, published at Cincinnati, and beautifully executed, reach, inclusive of a compendious General Introduction, to the 13th chapter of Matthew, comprising 326 pages royal octavo. The author, the father of Methodism among the Germans in the United States, is a native of Wuertemberg. After having finished his collegiate course at the University of Tubingen, in the same class with Dr. David Fr. Strauss, he was converted, in the bosom of an American Methodist family, from critical rationalism to positive faith in the Bible. It is in unison with the life and character of the author, that the work in its theological imprint is essentially German, and has a predominant apologetical tendency, while the homiletical applications, which follow the exegetical exposition of each section, breathe the practical spirit of Methodism without showing any extravagance or one-sidedness. The work is written, not in the spirit of a denomination, but in the spirit of evangelical Christianity. The modern German literature is thoroughly referred to, and ample extracts are given, while on the other hand the author gives the best results of the exegetical works in the English language. The diversified materials are worked up with genius and tact, and the whole is given in such a form that it fully answers the object which the author had in view of writing a Commentary for laymen as well as clergymen. Joyfully we salute the transatlantic production of German industry (diligence?) and German evangelical spirit, and are convinced that if the work is carried on in the manner it has begun, it will not only in America but in our father-land find full acknowledgment as an excellent and rich help for the understanding of the Holy Scriptures and the promotion of Christian knowledge. To judge from the favorable notices which the publishers have printed on the cover, it is received with great favor by different denominations in America. May it then, by the blessing of God, greatly contribute to promote the unity in the spirit!

PATRIOTIC SONGS are elements of power in any nation. The "Star-Spangled Banner" is thrilling in its associations as well as in its melody. But the grand-

est tribute of poesy to our country's flag is that by Drake. It has been often published; but of it the patriot will never tire, and its reading can not fail to kindle in the heart the holy love of country. Patriot mothers, let your little sons commit it to memory and declaim it. Let your little daughters learn to peal forth its melodies. We append it entire:

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansions in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpet's loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven;
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow;
The cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave;
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

FOREVER FLOAT THAT STANDARD SHEET!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?





L. Paddock.